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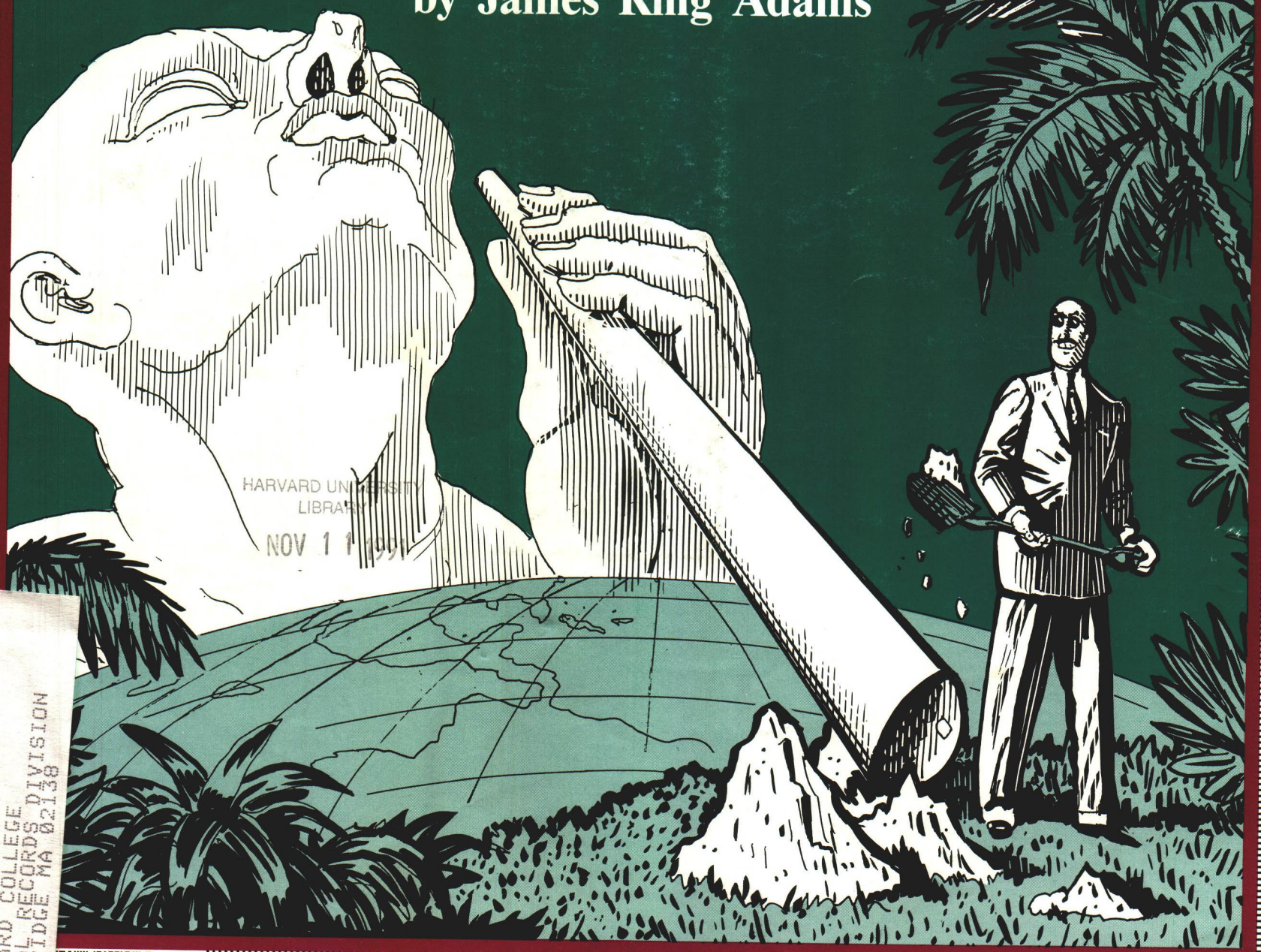

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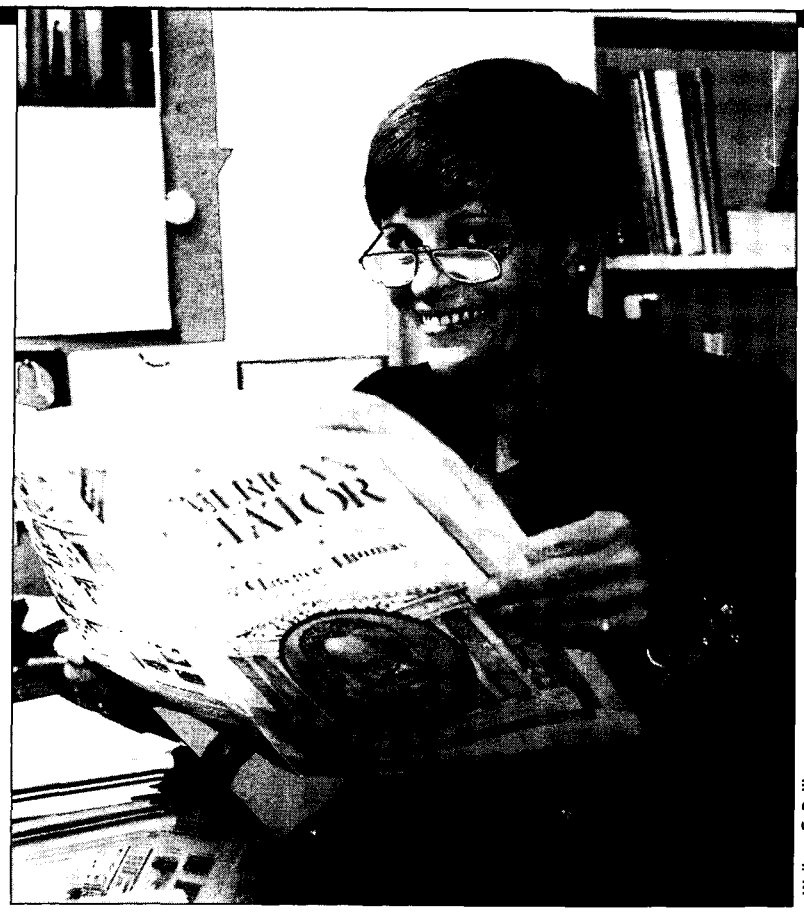

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What are the facts?

■ The concept of "land for peace" is a totally new one in the history of the world. It was formulated for one specific purpose only, namely to persuade and pressure Israel to give up territories that it has administered since the Six-Day War of 1967. By its victory in that war, Israel wound up in possession of these territories. Contrary to what many are led to believe, the "West Bank," the focus of today's attention, had never been part of any Arab country. It was part of Palestine, a territorial unit that, by the Mandate of the League of Nations and in line with the Balfour Declaration, had been designated as a national home for the Jewish people.

■ Thus, while the concept of "land for peace" is a brand-new one, the concept that to the victor belong the spoils is as old as history itself and had really never been questioned before the days of the Israel-Arab conflict. Our own country, of course, following its Manifest Destiny, has benefited greatly and has consolidated its territory by applying this motto. But Israel followed a different path. From the day of victory in 1967, it waited for an offer of peace from the Arabs. But that offer never came. Instead, immediately following the war, the Arabs pronounced their three unalterable "no's:" no recognition, no negotiation, and no peace with Israel.

■ In 1977, President Sadat of Egypt traveled to Jerusalem and presented a peace plan to the Israeli government. The Israelis eagerly embraced his suggestion. In exchange for peace and normalization of relations with its neighbor, Israel returned to Egypt the vast Sinai peninsula, together with the city of Yamit; some of the most advanced military installations in the world; the port and naval installations of Sharm-el-Sheik, which safeguard Israel's access to its port of Eilat; and the oil fields that Israel had developed and which had made Israel self-sufficient in its energy requirements. And, of course, Israel also gave up the natural buffer against aggression that the Suez Canal and the strategic depth of the Sinai itself provided. It was a first in history. Never before in the chronicle of mankind had the victor returned conquered territory to the vanquished in order to attain peace.

■ One would expect that the concept of "land for peace" would work both ways. After all, should not the Arabs also make some territorial sacrifices for peace? Unfortunately, that is not the case. Every inch of land held by the Arabs is considered "holy Arab soil" and its possession by the "infidels" (Christians or Jews) is inadmissible, intolerable, a blasphemy and a case for "jihad" (holy war). No compromise, no concession is ever possible. The way the "Taba issue" was finally resolved further illustrates the Arab belief that the "land for peace" principle is basically a one-way street.

■ The "land for peace" formulation is now applied mostly to the Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza regions. Israel's foes, but also some of its friends, urge Israel to yield these regions to the Arabs, in exchange for "peace." But there is no peace, and no peace will come about by Israel's giving up this area of vital strategic importance to those who are its sworn enemies and who have declared over and over again that they wish to use this land as their launching pad for the final attempt at the destruction of Israel. The conflict in the area is not only between Israel and the "Palestinians." It is first of all between Israel and the Arab nations. With the single exception of Egypt, virtually all of them are still in a state of war with Israel.

To none of the Arab countries has the possibility ever occurred of *their* trading land for peace, for instance yielding the "West Bank" to Israel for the sake of peace. Not one of these countries has even hinted that they would make peace with Israel if Israel yielded the administered territories to the Arabs. There isn't even a gesture of accommodation, such as a lifting of the over 40-year-old Arab economic boycott against Israel, an apology for the odious slander that Zionism is Racism, or a discontinuation of the yearly charade in the United Nations, in which the Arab states attempt to expel Israel from that body. For the victor to yield land for peace to the vanquished is a new idea—who knows, it might even be a good one. But it surely would have to work both ways in order to be valid and effective.

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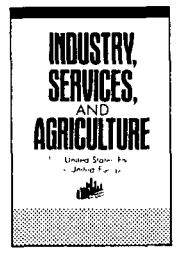

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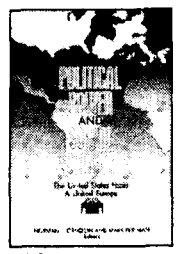

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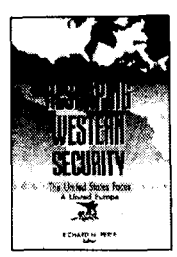

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• Through much of October the Supreme Court nomination of Judge Clarence Thomas proceeded normally, harassed solely by the dyspeptic inquiries of various poseurs on the Senate Judiciary Committee. Then on October 11 there arrived a bombshell. Her name was Miss Anita Hill, and her testimony to the Committee was the dirtiest ever heard in the United States Senate. Republicans were shocked. Democrats were incensed. And more than one observer noted that Senator Edward M. Kennedy became visibly sexually aroused. Whilst Miss Hill continued her lewd discourse, the wheeler dealer seated to Senator Kennedy's left, Senator Howard Metzenbaum, discreetly asked Senator Kennedy to keep his hands above his desk. Senator Joseph Biden, seated on Senator Kennedy's right, delivered a little homily on the benefits of cold showers and the dangers of warts —he of course refused to acknowledge the original text.

• Eventually Judge Thomas came forward and lent a modicum of dignity to the proceedings, but not before progressives almost foisted on the American system a new rule in fairness, to wit, guilty until proven innocent. Think of it! The very same soi-disant liberators who a generation ago in the Berkeley Free Speech Movement dissolved the legal standards that dissuaded Americans from using foul language in public are now attempting to dissolve the legal standards that protect us from unsubstantiated charges of using foul language in private. If one follows what passes for reasoning from the Liberal lynch mob that pursued Judge Thomas, the problem for him was that he had not uttered the alleged indecencies in public, where they are protected by law and aesthetic standards. The importunity that the feminists call sexual harassment is possible only in private. In public it is a matter of free expression.

• Lawyers for *National Geographic* magazine's editor, Mr. William Graves, have finally shed light on the cause of that mysterious explosion that rocked his stomach back in 1979. They are suing Church and Dwight, Inc., producers of Arm & Hammer baking soda, claiming that on that far off evening when Mr. Graves suffered his unwelcome disturbance, it was caused by the baking soda he used as an antacid, not his two vespertime martinis, his glass of wine, or his homemade chili.

• America's population center continues to shift towards the southwest as it has done since 1790. The Census Bureau now places it in remote Steelville, Missouri and moving steadily towards Mexico City. Thirty thousand heavily armed supporters of Stanford University showed up at the university's stadium to commemorate the notorious institution's 100th anniversary. No one was injured and none of the handful of legitimate scholars who remain at the Palo Alto institution were endangered, despite a really frightening harangue from the university's outgoing president, the dubious Mr. Donald Kennedy.

• Early in the month it was disclosed that the very same congressmen who cannot get the federal government's bills paid are failing to pay their own bills at the congressional restaurant. Some 300 congressmen have stiffed the House restaurant for nearly $300,000, and more than fifty of the deadbeats owe the restaurant over $1,000 apiece, mostly for junk food. The day after that disclosure, House Speaker Thomas S. Foley admitted that he and many of his colleagues had indeed floated bad checks at the House's exclusive bank, and that, owing to public outcry, the bank would shut down by the end of the year.

• The co-founder of the Hemlock Society, the nation's preeminent suicide lobby other than the Americans for Democratic Action, took her own life. Mrs. Ann Humphry was the ex-wife of Derek Humphry, executive director of the Society and author of the self-help guide to suicide, *Final Exit*, which has been a national bestseller and is my personal Christmas book recommendation to the man who hounded Elliott Abrams for five years, menacing him with millions of dollars of legal bills unless he confess to fighting one of the last battles of the Cold War. Of course, I have in mind independent counsel Lawrence E. Walsh, who with all the police power of the state behind him could only smack Mr. Abrams with two misdemeanor counts.

• In religious notes, the pastor and members of the Western Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C.'s Foggy Bottom have had enough. They have asked a federal judge to bar a former pastor, the Rev. Robert N. Meyers, from disrupting Sunday services with his trademark bullwhip, his bullhorn, and a mercenary army of homeless people whom he pays to commit indescribable acts nearby. The Rev. Jimmy Swaggart has been hounded into temporary retirement by what he identifies as "demon spirits," though he assured the 500 galoots remaining in his 7,000-seat Family Worship Center that he "will not quit." His most recent contretemps began when the cops of greater Indio, California, pulled him and a woman seated next to him off the road when they spotted his car weaving erotically through traffic. The lady, Miss Rosemary Garcia, a somewhat bookish-looking woman whose appearance puts one very much in mind of the lady sociologists called in by major network news shows to comment on the Thomas hearings, explained to police that the reason for the Rev. Swaggart's irregular driving was that upon spotting the cops he attempted to hide his choice collection of pornographic magazines. Apparently the car was a mobile bathroom, and Mrs. Garcia had been invited aboard, as she divulged to Los Angeles's KNBC-TV: "For sex, I mean that is why he stopped me, that's what I do, I'm a prostitute. He asked for sex. He was shaking." At least she had the decency not to report what he was shaking, but then she was not appearing live in the United States Senate.

• On October 12 Mrs. Marilyn Quayle came forward and admitted that, yes, she too had been a victim of sexual harassment—twice. It is all too horrible to contemplate, and with some 52 percent of the population still to be heard from we face a long winter. The comedian Mr. Redd Foxx passed on, as did Mr. Leo Durocher. Hundreds of faculty members at Drexel University opposed the university's decision to have as guest speaker Former Ambassador Jeane J. Kirkpatrick, owing to her service to the Reagan Administration during the 1980s. Many faculty members at Drexel, and for that matter elsewhere across the Republic, of course, miss the Cold War, with all of its drama over "Nuclear Winter" and the arms race. In its protest the Faculty Senate proclaimed that Ambassador Kirkpatrick put "Cold War politics ahead of human rights," for instance the human right to live in constant fear of imminent incineration.

• An Oklahoma state legisiator, Representative Leonard E. Sullivan, is seeking to oust the foul-mouthed Professor Anita Hill from her tenured position at the University of Oklahoma. The Hon. Sullivan is raising funds to "buy out or otherwise remove [?] Professor Hill from the campus and hopefully the state." And, the idealistic solon added, "We must get this left-wing extremist influence off the campus before it spreads further." We hope to hear from Rep. Sullivan on our Amnesty in Academia Hot Line (1-800-783-6707). We want to know more about his plans to "otherwise remove" this new martyr to American feminism.

• Giants continue to step forward from the Democratic ranks to challenge the tyrant Bush. By the end of the month Mr. Bill Clinton, a governor, Mr. Eugene McCarthy, a poet, and a Mr. Brown,

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who writes science fiction, had joined four other contenders whose names we do not have on file to contest the Democratic presidential primaries. (If anyone has those other four names, please send them on.) And at the World Bank meeting in Bangkok, Thailand, the world's economists met Mr. Mechai Viravaidya, a minister in the Thai government who would make an excellent contender for the Democratic nomination. He is called the "Condom King," and during the World Bank meeting he kept interrupting the proceedings with his calls for "safe sex." He handed out hundreds of condoms in his "World Bank Survival Kit," and very few could avoid his charm. "Here is one for you," he notified a British journalist. "European size." *—RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Real Pills

In the October 1991 *American Spectator*, Ben Stein describes a pathetic young lady with multiple sclerosis who led him to believe that he was taking her to a neurologist. Instead Mr. Stein found that the "health care provider" was a nutritionist who subsequently charged her $300 for a bag of what appeared to be over-the-counter vitamin pills.

Although it is gratifying that Mr. Stein recognized the quackery, it is discomforting to realize that people like the "nutritionist" are increasing the cost of health care, and the only providers being held responsible are medical physicians and hospitals. As Mr. Stein pointed out, this young lady's fees were covered by her insurance—hence, by all her co-insurees.

I can assure you that no physician or medical group could make the slightest move against parasites of this sort without litigation. Likewise, the insurers appear to be helpless. In Indiana, one insurer attempted to limit the type of medical personnel to whom they would make payment. The legislature banned its efforts. Only the laity will be able to rectify this situation if the public is truly concerned.

—Alan B. Somers, M.D.
Bloomington, Indiana

Ben Stein seems to have become *TAS*'s Whine Columnist. If Los Angeles is so terrible, and the women so screwy, as all his columns seem to indicate, why does he stay there? If his descriptions of West Coast life are accurate (his director said, "Most of us in this business are addicted to lying"), *everyone*, not just women, will be tough, mean, and vicious.

Of course a woman in a neatly tailored business suit and high heels and stockings is well adjusted and without pathological hostility. She is not likely to be hustled as much as a woman wearing little frilly skirts and a childish pullover T-shirt. She's also not likely to be offered as many jobs (genuine or not) in modeling, commercials, sitcoms, or TV movies.

Of course, any woman who reaches middle age in such an environment is unbelievably tough-looking. She can probably outfight, outswear, and outswindle Saddam Hussein without breaking a sweat, let alone a press-on nail.

If Stein is looking for childish, innocent, and carefree women, and he wants to stay in California, he should try *TAS*'s classifieds, under the "Personals" column. I'm sure there are many Oriental ladies who would be impressed by a writer, lawyer, economist, and actor.

—Virginia Maida Randall
New York, New York

Fixing a Hole

Stuart Reid, in his article "The Gulf Across the Atlantic" (*TAS*, August 1991), happily digs to deepen the hole. To those British who were in the Second War, then under American command in Korea and in Europe facing Russia, it is the familiar call of the deliberately divisive media guttersnipe. Who cares for facts if sleazy gossip can earn money for the second-rate hack?

To quote Pinter, Pilger, and Jonathan Clark as representative of British opinion, to mention a "distinguished Tory" (why no name?) as saying "the Americans always run," to talk of "ex-army types" denigrating the American army, is typical of the selective muck which is so often written in the name of media "freedom." Another hack, using the same phraseology and altering a few names, could write just as damaging a critique of British military competence. Someone, somewhere, is probably doing just that!

The British consider the American effort in the Gulf to have been of textbook quality. I have spoken to British officers who were there and they are unstinting in their praise. If the spite of British academia's trash is reported by such as Reid, it has to be borne—how else could his kind eat? But let it be seen for what it is.

—A.R. Wythe
Walberswick, Suffolk
England

Vidal Signs

Thank you for Michael Fumento's excellent piece on the cult of death in the Netherlands ("The Dying Dutchman: Coming Soon to a Nursing Home Near You," *TAS*, October 1991). May I suggest that readers who want some feel for the kind of world this foreshadows turn to what is, for conservatives, an unlikely authority—Gore Vidal.

Vidal's novel *Messiah* (E. P. Dutton, 1954) describes a pseudo-religious cult founded by California (where else?) mortician John Cave, in which the conversion means signing up for suicide. Only the priests (morticians) are forbidden this ultimate rite of the cult.

The cult sweeps through what was once known as Christendom, but founders in its confrontation with Islam. This last is a bit extreme, but on the whole the premise, which seemed incredible when I read the book in the late sixties, is now merely improbable. The real surprise is that it is the doctors who are taking over the death industry.

Regarding Dr. Kevorkian's forthcoming book—*Prescription: Medicide*, I am somewhat confused by the title. If regicide is killing the king, and suicide is killing the self, then medicide must be killing the doctor. Does Dr. Kevorkian intend his readers should start with him?

—J. Keen Holland
Lenhartsville, Pennsylvania

Miller's Cross

Judging by Alonzo L. Hamby's review of Frank Freidel's *Franklin D. Roosevelt: His Rendezvous With Destiny* (*TAS*, October 1991), this is just another worshipful volume that fails to do justice to the looniest, scariest, most incompetent regime in U.S. history. Until the definitive work on FDR is written, I shall have to content myself with John T. Flynn's *The Roosevelt Myth*—or the comic sections of *Atlas Shrugged*.

—Roderick L. Miller
Victor, New York

Unsubstantiated Charges

With regard to Mr. Benjamin J. Stein's article ("Comrades and Patients") in the October 1991 *American Spectator*, may I make some comments? On page 29, Mr. Stein writes about Tadich's, also known as the Tadich Grill. It seems almost all restaurants are overrated these days. Tadich's daily specials, which include pot roast, corned beef and cabbage, and calamari steak, are really quite good. Their sourdough bread is to die for. Having been to the Tadich Grill more than several times over the past eight to ten years I know that *they don't take credit cards*. Surely Mr. Stein must know that too, having eaten there.

—Jens B. Andersen
Plantation, Florida

Was it conspiracy or coincidence that two of your regular contributors decided to dump on my fair city, San Francisco, in the October issue of *TAS*? As the sole avowed reader of *TAS* in the City, I take umbrage at your ill-tempered and ill-informed writers.

First, you give us Tom Bethell on the causes of homosexuality. A touchy and provocative subject. But the article was ruined for me in the first paragraph, in which Bethell put the Tenderloin south of Market Street, where it isn't. One goes north, not south, of Market to the Tenderloin for phô, fortified wine, and fallen women.

Next, we get the usually reliable Ben Stein attacking the truly wonderful Tadich's Grill. Why is it wonderful? Not just for the fish, which is great, but because . . . *they don't take credit cards*! The waiter may have lost Stein's credit card, but not because he was using it to pay the bill.

The next time you want to run down San Francisco, please get a San Franciscan to do the job. No one does it better.

—Matthew Lefkowitz
San Francisco, California

Delicate Surgery

I was disappointed to read your comments on the situation at Stanford Medical School in the September "Continuing Crisis." With a 50-percent female student body, do you really presume that all the students have wives? I never

(continued on page 50)

Coming Next Issue

The new AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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EDITORIALS

HEARING THINGS

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Certainly it would be stirring to live in an era when giants strode through the halls of the Senate, but living as we do in a time when runts scamper about is not without its compensations. The senators' earnest strivings can be amusing. Is there one American in the land who did not get off at least one horse laugh while watching the grandiose idiocy of Senator Joseph Biden's clown show? The attendant television commentary was yet another occasion for laughter.

Alas, the Thomas hearings are behind us now. They have been consigned to history along with those other peculiar episodes of senatorial excess: the Watergate hearings, the Iran-contra hearings, the Bork hearings, and, more recently, the Tower hearings. What were they all really about? Were they about any epic alteration in public policy, say, the adoption of a Welfare State or socialized medicine? No, and as the historian Alonzo Hamby has written in his excellent history of the United States since FDR, *Liberalism and Its Challengers*, when Congress has made policy démarches of this sort in recent years, it has done so furtively, with as little public discussion as possible.

Well then, were these hearings held to decide matters of historic import? Slavery in the territories, the fate of the Union, participation in the League of Nations, neutrality? Of course not. Such debates were made memorable by stirring lines elicited by the gravity of the moment. One thinks of President Wilson, provoked by his senatorial opposition to proclaim, "A little group of willful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible." Or of Daniel Webster standing beneath the same roof where Senator Biden has now so windily smirked and twittered. Responding to a perceived threat to the Union, Webster in 1830 declared, "When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in the heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union. . . . Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

There were no stirring lines from the senators during the Thomas hearings. Judge Thomas demonstrated appropriate dignity, but few of the senators even seemed aware of the imbecility into which they had dragged themselves. There should have been no hearings over Anita Hill's charges. They were defunct years ago. In fact, I am not sure that an adult American with a blameless record should ever be exposed to public inquiry over another person's unsubstantiated charges. Once again from the Senate, a band of willful men rendered the United States contemptible to the world. The row of grinning, scowling, and blank senatorial faces that was broadcast worldwide was an embarrassment—and did I detect during Miss Hill's lascivious testimony traces of lewd thoughts glistening in the eyes of one famous senator whose name I need not mention?

The real purpose of all the senatorial atrocities since Watergate has been nothing more elevated than the obstruction of a Republican President by a Democratic Senate. In some instances the obstructionists shamed only the President. In others they shamed the Senate. In this instance they shamed every branch of the federal government. What is to be done to end these mockeries of our system of government?

The solution is to end this condition of divided government by electing either a Democratic President or a Republican Senate in 1992. As the electorate obviously favors Republican presidential policies, and as the Democrats do not have any policies that they dare utter in public, this means a Republican Senate. The last time a Republican President had a Republican Senate was 1980-86, when the Republic enjoyed effective government, free of senatorial humiliations.

As soon as the Democrats regained control of the Senate the obstruction of the presidency began anew, with the Iran-contra hearings and the Bork spectacle. Now every time the President sends a nomination to the Senate he is in danger of having a third of his time diverted from running the government to merely staffing it. Think of the outlandish Tower hearings, the Gates hearings, and the utterly unnecessary brouhaha Senator Kennedy raised over a minor appointment for the National Endowment for the Humanities.

In the coming election year the President should make an issue of this obstructionist Senate. He ought to remind the electorate of the declining standards of those senatorial rogues who have just made American government an international laughingstock. And he ought to ask voters for senators who will cooperate with him, rather than harass him. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by King Features.*

STRANGE DEVICES

What passes for the Current Wisdom in the Democratic Party is now undergoing a subtle and unforeseen metamorphosis. Ever since the reign of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the Democratic Party has favored government action over laissez-faire. Now no less a Democratic eminence than Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell is telling us government policy does not matter.

President George Bush believes that America's Cold War foreign policy of Containment, fortified in the 1980s by the Reagan arms buildup, finally broke the resolve of Soviet Communism and led to a relaxation of hostilities between the Soviet Union and the West. Hence we can reduce our nuclear force and our strategic readiness. Senator Mitchell believes government policy has not mattered. A few weeks back, responding to the President's historic speech, Senator Mitchell asserted that the disarmament proceedings could have begun nine years ago when his fellow Democrat, Senator Albert Gore, presented a marvelously irenic disarmament proposal. Our recent foreign policy was unnecessary. Perhaps Senator Mitchell will come out for a deficit reduction bill that simply shuts down the State Department and the Pentagon too.

Amongst the Republic's intelligentsia the fashionable explanation for the collapse of the Soviet Union is not that the American arms race bankrupted the Soviets but that they were undone by their system's own "internal contradictions." As Strobe Talbott, *Time* magazine's very *au courant* Sovietologist, said recently on the television show "Inside Washington": "The Cold War ended . . . because of internal contradictions and pressure within the Soviet Union. . . . And even if Jimmy Carter had been reelected and been followed by Walter Mondale, something like what we have seen probably would have happened."

Unfortunately, Senator Mitchell's skepticism of government policy is not shared by all Democrats. There are still many, such as California congressman Henry Waxman, who believe government policy essential to human happiness. Congressman Waxman is now ushering through Congress a colossal pow-

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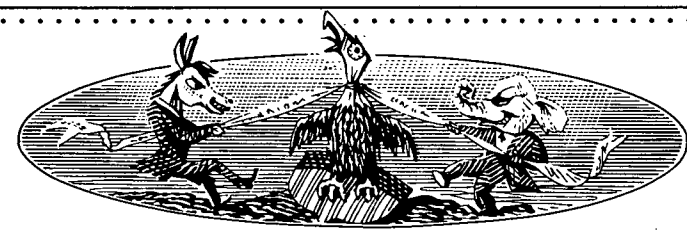
er grab, felicitously named the "Food, Drug, Cosmetic, and Device Enforcement Amendments of 1991." I shall leave the Device Enforcement aspects of this matter for later discussion when children are not present. I am not certain what "devices" Congressman Waxman has in mind, but this is a disquieting term, especially in light of the power Congressman Waxman's bill would invest in his favorite governmental agency, the Federal Food and Drug Administration.

That agency now has more power to terrify the corner grocer or pharmacist than the Drug Enforcement Administration has to apprehend cocaine peddlers. What Congressman Waxman's bill will mean for entrepreneurs and consumers can only be imagined. Lawyers defending them will prosper handsomely; but the increased regulations will cost us all a bundle, and only God knows what this legislation will mean for "Device Enforcement."

The act's very existence demonstrates the schizophrenia of the Democrats. At once they stand with Senator Mitchell and say presidential government does not matter. Then again they stand with Congressman Waxman and say the government will improve us. His act will allow warrantless electronic surveillance of companies under the FDA's vast purview (which includes approximately 25 percent of the Gross National Product). All company records—including trade secrets and product formulations—would be exposed to FDA inspectors. The FDA would be able to recall products and embargo them for weeks without hearings or a right of appeal; and it would impose stupendous penalties. Over vast sectors of the American economy the FDA would be able to act as policeman and prosecutor, judge and jury.

This power grab is true folly. It invites corruption, as all government regulations invite corruption—note the S&L scandals. It invites further politicization of the economy, for now interested groups can get their way not by competing in the marketplace but by bringing political pressure to bear on a government agency. Finally, the increased menace of lawsuits will stifle product innovation. Surely the world would be a safer place if the Democrats observed laissez-faire at home and allowed our government to wield power abroad. Recent experience proves as much, but then the Democrats have been remote from recent experience, haven't they? □

CAPITOL IDEAS



A CHAT WITH IRVING KRISTOL

by Tom Bethell

It was the day before Prof. Anita Hill's vindictive debut on Capitol Hill, and Irving Kristol was feeling depressed. Depressed? Normally he is the voice of optimism. "Depressed about Clarence Thomas, about Elliott Abrams, all the other things happening," he said. "Washington is a beautiful city, in the middle of which there is this cesspool called the United States Congress."

He was sitting in his "afternoon" office at the American Enterprise Institute, where he has long been a Distinguished Fellow. Recently he had been selected to receive the Institute's Francis Boyer Award for 1991. He is also publisher of the *National Interest* and co-editor of the *Public Interest*, where he has a "morning" office. He has been called the godfather of neoconservatism, his articles in the *Wall Street Journal* having been particularly influential. His hallmark is a relaxed, lucid style—the commonsensical voice of one who refuses to be impressed by experts. For years he was a professor of "social thought" at New York University, without having gone to graduate school. His son, William Kristol, is the chief of staff to Vice President Dan Quayle, and his wife, Gertrude Himmelfarb, is an eminent historian. He moved to Washington from New York four years ago.

What could be done about the nation's capital? "Term limitations are a way of flushing out the filthy water and flushing in some fresh water," he said. "You also flush out some good things, but that's the price you have to be prepared to pay." He said that President Bush was permitting the Vice President to "run with" the issue, but he wished Bush himself would do so. Senior Republicans in Congress (ever willing to enjoy the perquisites of office and cede policy to the Democrats) are opposed to term limits. "It is the most popular issue in the United States today," Kristol said. "By far. And could make a very big difference. I'd love to hear the Democrats oppose it."

Kristol had found persuasive a recent book arguing that the Republicans recruit people "who don't believe in big government and therefore do not make good politicians." Implying, of course, that big government is popular and here to stay. Jack Kemp, secretary of HUD, has said much the same thing: Why should Republicans let Democrats outbid them in the compassion-stakes? Politics will always prevent spending reductions anyway. Calling for an increase in social security payments in 1987, Kristol deplored the Republicans' tendency to "deny themselves any interesting initiatives in social policy, because such initiatives always cost some money." The Reagan Administration, he added, had "mindlessly submitted to the tyranny of the budget."

Political discussions with Kristol have a way of turning swiftly from the ideal to the feasible. Pragmatism prevails over ideology. One wonders: Is he not rather too comfortable with big government?

"Give me something you would do to reduce it."

How about getting the government out of education? Socialism has failed in every other field.

"Federal government, I assume?"

Why not the states as well?

"Come on," he said. You have to go back "prior to about 1835" to find a precedent for that. "It's a little ridiculous to say that the last 150 years have been one vast error." You can say that sort of thing as an intellectual exercise, "but not if you want to be taken seriously politically."

How about John Stuart Mill's belief that those on "parish relief" (welfare) shouldn't be allowed to vote?

"Oh, that doesn't matter really, in our society. The number of people on welfare who vote is so trivial that it's of no significance."

Kristol did much to disseminate supply-side economics in the late 1970s—a triumph of political advocacy. Tax rate reductions were urged (the Laffer Curve first appeared in print in the *Public Interest*), and a few years later implemented. The economy blossomed. And notice: government revenues increased markedly, as promised by Laffer. Compromise was at the heart of supply-side theory: if the government permitted people to keep a greater percentage of what they earned at the margin, the government would reap greater revenues. All would therefore gain.

The Nobel Prize-winning economist Milton Friedman, a man of libertarian preferences, observed at the time that if it was true that a tax-rate reduction increased government revenue, the rate obviously hadn't been cut enough. Kristol, on the other hand, was undisturbed by the prospect of more revenue flowing into the Treasury. In fact, his neoconservatism has often seemed more a matter of the Democrats' moving left than his moving right—as he himself has often said. It speaks volumes about the leftist fanaticism to which we have all been subjected in recent years that the supply-side compromise was itself shrilly denounced as ideological extremism and ridiculed by journalists and Democrats. Kristol touched on this when I spoke to him.

"The Democratic party is falling apart," he said. "Which is lucky for us. It's completely out of sync with the public. What's happening to the Democratic party is the same as what has been happening to the Labour party in England. It's becoming more and more the captive of ideological groups who are very influential but do not constitute a majority. I do not see how that can change." He cited the feminists, who already were baying on behalf of Anita Hill—long before they could have known whether she was telling the truth. "And the media is populated by these same people, which gives them tremendous resonance," Kristol added. →

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's *Washington correspondent.*

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In England, the loony left was so labeled—by Margaret Thatcher. But here, Republicans defer to each and every Democratic initiative, worriedly serving up their very own alternative (conceding the principle but quibbling about dollars). Kristol added that he might say something about the "loony liberals" himself. About the Republicans, he is inclined to speak tactfully. He wonders why they don't ever resort to ridicule. The opportunities are there. "I'm watching with great interest what is happening in New York City," he said. "They have this program of handing out condoms to high school students. It is so absurd to imagine a 13- or 14-year-old girl coming home waving a condom, telling her mother, 'Mom, look what I got in school today,' and her ten-year old sister saying, 'Hey, I want one of those.' This is not the way life is supposed to be in a civilized country, let alone a democracy. It's not happening, as far as I know, in any other country. It's peculiar to New York, but it's the Democratic party in New York that's doing it. I'd love to see the President or the Vice President get up and hold this up as an instance of lunatic liberalism. It's lunacy to encourage kids to have sex; aside from the fact that it will wreck the educational system." He sighed and lit a Carlton. "It would be nice to have a Republican party a lot more self-confident, more articulate, more political," he conceded. "But we'll have to wait a while."

Born in Brooklyn in 1920, Irving Kristol belongs to a generation that grew up overwhelmingly dedicated to progressive politics. In 1936 he went to City College, in Harlem, where the main political division was between Alcove One (Trotskyist, to which Kristol belonged), and Alcove Two (Stalinist, and about ten times larger than Alcove One). There were also conventional New Dealers—regarded as apolitical by the standards of the time. Kristol vaguely recalls that there may have been a Newman Club, and about one professor there was a scurrilous rumor that he played golf: think of him as the college Republican. Conservatives were invisible, perhaps nonexistent.

Unemployment was high, factories were standing idle, and, as Kristol said, the solution seemed obvious enough at the time: put the unemployed workers into the factories. Since private enterprise would not do it, the state had to assume control of the economy. "That's why we were all socialists," he said.

It's also worth noting that the socialized institutions experienced by Kristol and others of his generation worked well at the time. At PS 54 in Brooklyn, Kristol recalled, they even had fingernail inspection. Sneakers would have been out of the question. He went on to Boys' High, in Brooklyn, where the academic standards were rigorous. Even though he found the work relatively easy, he still had about two hours' homework every night. At City College he found himself in a far more competitive and academically challenging atmosphere. Despite the comparative poverty of his upbringing—his father was a garment worker who suffered reverses during the Depression—Kristol looks back on the social milieu of his youth as a golden age. The city was orderly and there was no crime on the streets.

He has never been back to City College—nostalgia is something that he resolutely eschews. But the neighborhoods and the institutions of his youth stand in ruins now—ruined by the dominant ideology that repudiates individual responsibility and stigmatizes its critics as racist, sexist, etc. He continues to keep an eye on New York, though, sometimes returning there on business.

"It's still a great city," he said, "and its decline is not going to be precipitous, because there are institutions there with deep roots, like the financial community. But the city is in gradual decline. And I don't see what can reverse it. The commercial real-estate situation is getting

Religion and the Life of the Intellect

In many intellectual circles the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dimwitted and unlettered. Yet, recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, and amid inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious renaissance entail embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or superpatriotism. Nor does it imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, or human dignity. Rather, there's an awareness that, as Jean Bethke Elshtain put it, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political choices which are far more durable than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

The New York Times Magazine article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this return to religion, and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments that yield humane social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as St. Francis, Gandhi, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Tawney, Schumacher, Mounier, Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Simone Weil, Martin Luther King Jr., and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary and philosophical riches offered by such greats as Kierkegaard, Tolstoy, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Waugh, Merton, C.S. Lewis, Walker Percy, Flannery O'Connor, and Graham Greene.

An ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively," by Berkeley's John T. Noonan Jr. as "indispensable," and by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky."

Those who write for us — Robert N. Bellah, J.M. Cameron, John Lukacs, Henri J.M. Nouwen, Robert Coles, Christopher Lasch, Eileen Egan, and others — express themselves with clarity, verve, style, and heart. We bat around a wide variety of issues and defy easy pigeonholing. If you're keen on intellectual ferment and the life of the mind and spirit, subscribe today!

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worse, not better. Crime is getting worse, not better. If you look at any index of social well-being, it's getting worse, not better. The public schools are getting worse, not better. And it will end up like Detroit or East St. Louis. But it will take time. It's not going to happen in five years. But it might happen in fifteen. And I don't mind. I don't care anymore. The people who are governing New York are so incredibly dogmatic ideologically, so incredibly stupid, so lacking in common sense, and they keep getting reelected. All one can do is shrug one's shoulders and say, If that's what the people want, let them have it. Only don't come to Washington begging for money. They're not going to get it anyhow."

In 1953 Kristol became co-editor (with Stephen Spender) of *Encounter*, published under the auspices of the Congress for Cultural Freedom (with CIA funding, as was not known at the time by the editors). The magazine was established to resist the "Soviet mythos," as Peter Coleman calls it in his recent book, *The Liberal Conspiracy*. Reviewing the book here (*TAS*, June 1990), John Muggeridge wrote: "*Encounter* got us used to the idea that any serious attack on Soviet totalitarianism must come from the left."

"Well, there's some truth in that," Kristol said. "But a lot of people talk as if there was a conservative intelligentsia that could have been mobilized, and there wasn't." *Encounter* supported the Gaitskell wing of the Labour party, but you had to do that to influence intellectuals then. More controversially, Muggeridge wrote that the Cold War was a "civil war on the left, a Marxist Protestant reformation, the great theological question under dispute being whether truth resides in the Communist party or in the hearts of individual believers." Kristol called this "peculiarly reactionary." The *intellectual* fight may have been between democratic socialists and Communists who shared the values of the left. "But that's not what the Cold War was—there was a Soviet Army and the American Army, countries were occupied and millions were killed."

Anyway, the Cold War is over now, Communism is dead, and Alcove One has prevailed over Alcove Two. Maybe there was something about Communism, some peculiar virulence, that necessitated a homeopathic response. We are witnessing "the end of a major phase" of Western civilization, as Kristol pointed out recently in *Commentary*. Secular humanism has severely eroded our domestic institutions—our schools, courts, churches, media. We are now threatened with an "upsurge of anti-biblical barbarism that will challenge Christianity, Judaism and Western civilization altogther," he wrote. For this reason, and because he is basically an optimist, Kristol is predicting a religious resurgence: "Without a set of religious beliefs that anchor your way of life, everything becomes permitted, and then you get anarchistic lunacy, as we have in the arts today, or liberal lunacy, as we have in our social policy. So I think that [resurgence] will become more and more evident with every passing year. I think Russia is going to become a very religious country."

Retirement? His father lived for twenty years in the Los Angeles suburbs after retiring. "There is of course an old Jewish belief that all Jews should go to Jerusalem to die," Kristol said. "It's a beautiful city—you feel like you're in the center of history. But I don't think I'll go there. I think I'll stay in Washington —although I must say, that cesspool in the middle of the city is getting more and more noxious." □

(Note to puzzled readers: A line was accidentally dropped from a sentence in last month's column, which should have read: "The mental escape route open to them [Republicans] is to see that it's not government's job to help anyone, any more than it is an umpire's job to help anyone in a tennis tournament.")

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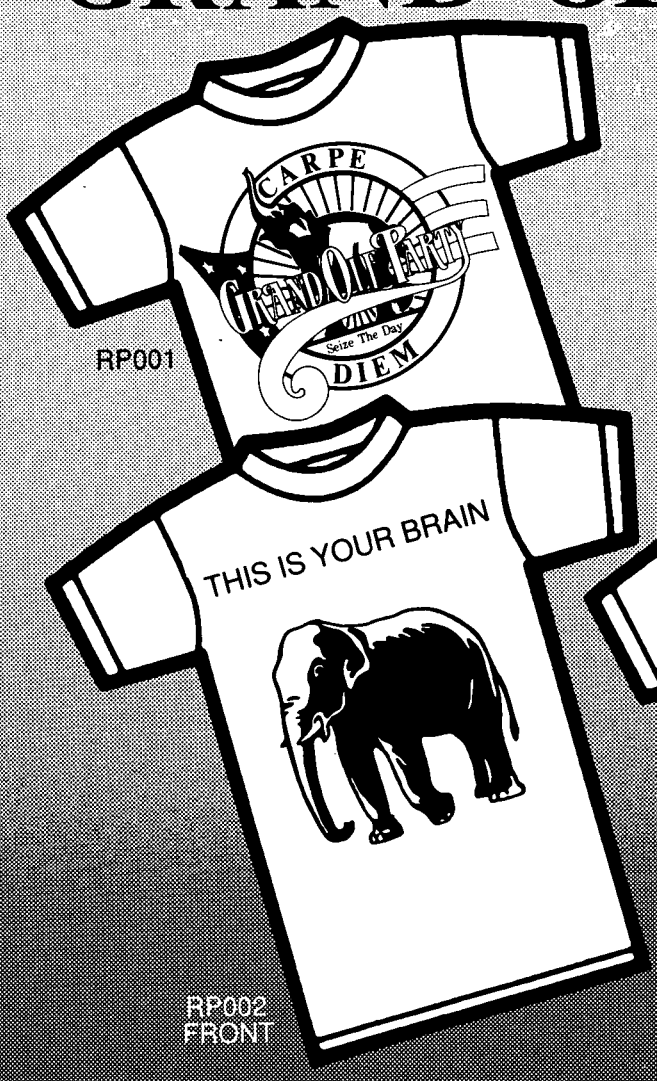

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR VOL. 24, NO. 12 / DECEMBER 1991

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Our annual list of holiday gift suggestions from distinguished readers and writers.

JOHN A. BADEN

Much of my recent reading is for a research project, *Green Greed: Environmentalists and the Political Economy of Crisis Entrepreneurship.* My reading has focused upon ecology and the shift in Americans' land orientation from commodities to amenities. This change is largely a function of security and prosperity—not only ecological understanding. Hence, I've been reading in the fields of ethics, ecology, and political economy. My suggestions reflect this interest:

James Dale Davidson and Lord William Rees-Mogg, *The Great Reckoning*

Garrett Hardin, *Filters Against Folly*

Ken Kesey, *Sometimes a Great Notion*

Aldo Leopold, *Sand County Almanac*

Richard McKenzie and Dwight R. Lee, *Quicksilver Capital: How the Rapid Movement of Wealth Has Changed the World*

Robert Nelson, *Seeking Heaven on Earth*

P. J. O'Rourke, *Parliament of Whores*

Randy O'Toole, *Reforming the Forest Service*

Mark Reisner, *Cadillac Desert*

Michael Rothschild, *Bionomics: Economy as Ecology*

Gordon Tullock, *The Social Dilemma*

John A. Baden is chairman of the Foundation for Research on Economics and the Environment, a classical liberal think tank with offices in Seattle and Bozeman, Montana.

FRED BARNES

I had lunch with Alan Ehrenhalt, then an editor with *Congressional Quarterly*, several years ago, and he told me of a book he was just beginning to research. It was something about the nature of politics in various places around the country. I wasn't sure what he was getting at. And I wasn't sure he knew what he was getting at. It sounded imprecise and not very interesting at all. Boy, was I wrong. *The United States of Ambition: Politics, Power, and the Pursuit of Office* is one of those books that forever change the way you think about a subject. (The last book that did that for me was *Wealth and Poverty* by George Gilder a decade ago.) The subject in this case is electoral politics. Ehrenhalt discovered a structural change in politics that should have been obvious. It wasn't to me or anyone else. The change: full-time politicians have driven out part-timers. In fact, you almost have to be a full-timer at the state and national level (often at the local, too) or you won't get elected and stay elected. We have a new governing class. There's the rub. Who are the folks willing to work full-time at politics? Mostly liberals. Ehrenhalt's book explains why liberals keep getting elected in a conservative age, thwarting realignment.

There weren't many great political books in the 1980s, but the 1990s are different. I highly recommend *One of Us*, by Tom Wicker, a revisionist view of Richard Nixon by the liberal columnist and onetime Nixon basher. It may not change your opinion of Nixon but it will of Wicker. *Our Country*, by Michael Barone of *U.S. News & World Report*, is a brilliant analysis of the last half-century of American politics. I'd describe Barone as a former liberal, and he writes like one. *Minority Party*, by Peter Brown, a political reporter for Scripps Howard, tells how the Democratic party hurt itself on the race issue. Brown's book was slightly overshadowed by a book on roughly the same subject: *Chain Reaction*, by Tom and Mary Edsall. It shouldn't have been.

If you don't like politics, I've got a book for you. Of course, if you don't you're probably not reading this. Anyway, *Still Married, Still Sober* (InterVarsity Press) is about David and Elsie MacKenzie. David is now an Episcopal priest in Portsmouth, Virginia. But he wasn't headed for the ministry when he and Elsie first married. He drifted into alcoholism, divorce, and attempted suicide. The book, written with Beth Spring, tells of their struggle and, finally, their Christian conversion, reconciliation, and remarriage. An inspiring tale of God's work in our world.

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

JACQUES BARZUN

August Heckscher: *Woodrow Wilson* (Charles Scribner's Sons). At last! a biography on classical lines of one of the great figures of this century. It is needed because Wilson is still maligned and misunderstood, despite an enormous amount of archival, political, psychological, and medical writing about him. In this masterly work he stands out as an extraordinary thinker, speaker, and doer who changed university education before changing national policy and becoming the world champion of nationality and democracy. Scholarly and judicious, beautifully proportioned and written with great narrative art, Mr. Heckscher's work will remain a model of the genre, latterly corrupted by love of gossip and the tape recorder.

Henry Sidgwick: *Outlines of the History of Ethics* (reprint of the 5th ed., Hackett Publishing Co.). For people who believe that the basis of Right and Wrong is obvious and stable, this compact and lucid exposition of Western moral philosophies from Plato to Mill and T. H. Green should be an enlightening and sobering corrective. The author, himself a famous Cambridge theorist, is here the impartial historian. When he points out failures of logic or common sense, he does so like a candid student, without favoring any point of view or hinting at his sympathies. The book

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should also give pause to the advocates of "a course of ethics in the public schools," in hopes of improving behavior in the schoolyard and beyond.

John Sparrow: *After the Assassination* (Chilmark Press). A couple of television talk shows have lately revived the sport of denouncing the Warren Commission Report. Before judging for oneself the merits of the (unagreed) attackers' views, it is a help to read this little book—an essay, really—by an English scholar and lawyer who put his acute intellect to work on the case. He shows the inadequacy of the main lines of cavil and vindicates the work of the Commission by applying the standard of the law courts instead of the academic cubicle. To buttress his argument from other sources, one should glance at *Mostly Murder*, by the veteran CID expert Sir Sydney Smith: he shows, long before the Kennedy killing, that nobody can tell what a single bullet will or will not do.

Francis Steegmuller: *A Woman, A Man, and Two Kingdoms* (Knopf). With his usual light and deft touch, the well-known biographer of Flaubert and other French worthies exhibits for our pleasure the life of the circle gathered by a great Frenchwoman of the eighteenth century, Madame d'Epinay. Its prominent male figure is the Abbé Galiani, the lively ambassador from Naples, but the book is not a love story. It is a tale of friendship and conversation that brings in other thinkers and idlers of the period, as well as some of the vagaries of two kingdoms, France and Naples. A gem of a work.

John Stover: *American Railroads* (Chicago Press). Anyone who shakes his head at the airlines today, puzzled by the fare structure or the bankruptcy news, will find in this excellent, multifaceted railroad history the comforting evidence that things were handled no better before, when we built and wrecked a great system of transport. Stupid competition, wild diversity of rates, rare instances of good management, and the clever policy of the-public-be-damned brought on regulation, over-regulation, and final strangulation through Enterprise Denied. The interwoven story of American inventiveness in mechanics is comfort of another sort.

Jacques Barzun, University Professor Emeritus at Columbia University, is the author, most recently, of An Essay on French Verse —For Readers of English Poetry *(New Directions) and* Begin Here: The Forgotten Conditions of Teaching and Learning *(University of Chicago Press).*

GARY S. BECKER

I very much liked *The Structure of Everyday Life* by Fernand Braudel (HarperCollins), the first and best of a three-volume series by the eminent French historian. Written very clearly, with many illustrations, it provides a fascinating glimpse into what ordinary life was like in different parts of the world between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries.

I very much enjoyed the book *Hakusai: Life and Work* by Richard Lane (Dutton, 1989). Hakusai was the greatest print-maker ever to come out of Japan; he worked in the latter part of the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth centuries. I would rank him among the greatest print-makers from any country. He had an enormous originality that influenced many of the Impressionists. His work included over 30,000 designs. The prints give a good introduction to economic and social conditions in the Japan of his day. Very little is known about his life, so the book is mainly a discussion of his work and includes reproductions of many of his prints.

My third recommendation is *The Federalist Papers* by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay. I continue to go back to read and admire these essays, especially in light of the time pressure under which they were written. They are very relevant still, in view of recent discussions about natural rights, the role of the judiciary, congressional terms, and other issues. The wisdom in these papers is remarkable, and far exceeds that in most contemporary discussions.

Gary S. Becker is professor of economics and sociology at the University of Chicago and senior fellow at the Hoover Institution.

THOMAS BOSWELL

Doubt I can help much. Until age 36, I didn't do much except read and write. Then I met a beautiful woman, got married, had a child, built a house, started a garden, and got a life. I haven't read a book since, and I like it much better this way. How many times can you read *Der Mann ohne Eigenschaften*? So now I reread the hundred or so books I love best and forget the rest.

Old favorites—Montaigne, Yeats, Nietzsche, Rimbaud, Rilke, Emerson's journals, Thoreau, Whitman, Frost, Dickinson, Eliot, Henry Miller, Anaïs Nin, Keats's letters, Lawrence, Jarrell, Blackmur, and a lot of other fairly conventional classics. Not much contemporary stuff can hold me more than 100 pages. Updike can write but hasn't got much to say. Also love Conan Doyle, Raymond Chandler, Elmore Leonard, Le Carré, and Turow.

All those years of compulsive underlining and endless margin comments to myself have made it easy to dip back into a whole library for a few minutes at a time. Beyond that, I have no interest. I was reading Camus at 12. I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now.

My thought would be, after a certain point, stop reading your ten-thousandth book and start living. (Of course, my wife reads a novel a week. I hate her. I don't know how she does it.)

Thomas Boswell, sports columnist for the Washington Post, *is the author, most recently, of* Game Day: Sports Writing 1970-1990 *(Doubleday).*

MARLIN FITZWATER

From Beirut to Jerusalem, because it illuminates the road we're on.

Parliament of Whores, because it's fun and it's all true.

Millie's Book, because this dog knows how to write.

Marlin Fitzwater is the White House press secretary.

MICHAEL S. GREVE

A serious professional hazard of life in the policy lane is the destruction of one's reading habits through breathless newsletters invariably entitled "Backgrounder," "Forefronter," "Sidewinder," etc. Not that I read all the stuff. But it takes so much time to remove the paperclips and to find the right recycling bin that I've only now gotten around to digesting last year's books.

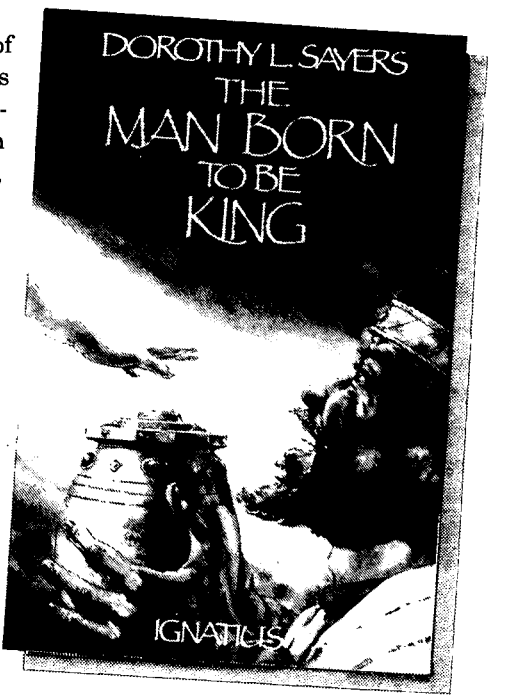
Fiction: John Updike, *Rabbit at Rest.* The last and, to my mind, the most compelling volume of Updike's tetralogy—and one chronicle of the eighties that's not a protracted rant about the "decade of greed."

Nonfiction: Harvey C. Mansfield, Jr., *Taming the Prince.* A difficult book on the difficult subject of executive power, and a powerful antidote to democratic delusions, old and new.

From this year's nonfiction list: Wal-

For Christmas Give the King

One of the most popular of Dorothy Sayers' works, this play-cycle was originally performed very successfully on BBC. Based on the Gospels, and completely faithful to the inspired accounts of Christ's life, Sayers adds unrecorded conversations, minor characters and all the details that give concreteness to the Gospel accounts. She does this in such a realistic and engaging manner that the whole Gospel story comes alive in our midst. Inspiring reading at any time but especially during the Christmas season. A wonderful gift book.



"There is no other word but magnificent for this play drawn from the Gospels. Sayer's interpretation of the characters is simply brilliant. Her Jesus can bring tears to your eyes. You will be deeply moved—a powerful experience."
— Sheldon Vanauken

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ter Olson, *The Litigation Explosion.* An illuminating treatise that manages to say something new on the havoc wrought by lawyers. Although only lawyers will fully appreciate the appalling truth of his indictment, Olson does a marvelous job of explaining the catastrophic consequences of arcane legal procedures and practices to the few non-lawyers left in America.

Michael S. Greve is executive director of the Center for Individual Rights, a public interest law firm that publishes a newsletter.

GARY HART

May I simply submit books I am currently reading (rather than all-time favorites):

- Vaclav Havel, *Open Letters* (because the author is the most creative literary-political figure around who is thinking beyond aging ideologies);
- Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov,* in a new translation by Richard Pevear and Larissa Velokhonsky (tremendously enlivened version of a classic with renewed relevance);
- George Steiner, *Real Presences* (new intellectual foundation for a religious aesthetic);
- Patrick O'Brian, *The Aubrey/Maturin Sea Novels* (simply the best series of historical novels around).

Gary Hart is a former senator from Colorado and the author, most recently, of Russia Shakes the World: The Second Russian Revolution and Its Impact on the West *(HarperCollins).*

MICHAEL L. KEISER

Ben Wattenberg is the only author I've read who always writes from facts. He gives you the facts, then forms the obvious conclusion. He's a fact-master. *The First Universal Nation* is a rarity: a book that will enlighten your most opinionated friend, regardless of his persuasion. Deconstructionist English Professor, Labor Lawyer, Commodities Trader, Free-market Environmentalist—this book speaks to all in the spectrum.

P. J. O'Rourke's books *do not.* I loved *Parliament of Whores* and *Holidays in Hell,* but not everyone does. After reading the first four chapters of *Parliament* I sent fifteen copies out as gifts with the promise that "if you don't *LOVE* this, I'll eat the book." I had several requests to honor the pledge. P. J. is for neo-cons only.

If you think Margaret Thatcher was heroic, *Maggie* by Chris Ogden is the book. I was awed by all the accomplishments of Margaret Thatcher as her career progressed. Then I read *Maggie.* Now I'm *doubly* awed. And why isn't she a feminist role model?

Michael L. Keiser is a golf course developer.

FLORENCE KING

Leave it to the women's studies crowd to miss the greatest feminist novel ever written. Or maybe they know about it but have chosen to ignore it because it expresses in a gripping, edge-of-the-chair narrative what they relegate to the droning slump of the seminar room. Fannie Hurst's 1931 bestseller, *Back Street,* tells the story of Gay Nineties charmer Ray Schmidt, "the toniest girl in Cincinnati," who becomes a kept woman. Three movies have been made of it, but all merely skirt the edges. Even today, no producer would dare portray the horrors of dependency that Fannie Hurst lays on with her relentlessly objective but always controlled pen. I have no intention of telling you what happens to Ray Schmidt in the end because I don't want to spoil the story for you, but I will say this: If every teenage girl in America read *Back Street,* we would have a nation of virgins.

Give *Back Street* to your daughters this Christmas. It's better protection than a receiving line of chaperones, a palace guard of eunuchs, and a posse of Southern brothers all rolled into one.

Florence King's new book, With Charity Toward None: A Fond Look at Misanthropy, *will be published in February by St. Martin's Press.*

ALEX KOZINSKI

Andrei Codrescu, *The Hole in the Flag: A Romanian Exile's Story of Return and Revolution.* Codrescu provides a gripping political detective story, using Ceausescu's regime as the background for the dark and still-unsolved mystery of what happened in December 1989.

Peter Huber, *Galileo's Revenge: Junk Science in the Courtroom.* A devastating indictment of the ever-increasing use of "expert" witnesses in trials, and its effects on society.

Walter K. Olson, *The Litigation Explosion: What Happened When America Unleashed the Lawsuit.* How and why Americans are so able and willing to spin the litigation wheel of fortune.

Richard A. Posner, *Cardozo: A Study in Reputation.* Posner delivers a unique combination—part biography of an illustrious jurist, part sociological inquiry into the general meaning of reputation.

Bill Watterson, *Scientific Progress Goes "Boink."* Once again, Calvin and Hobbes remind us that some things can only be understood through the eyes of a child (or a stuffed tiger).

Tom Wicker, *One of Us: Richard Nixon and the American Dream.* The author, admittedly not a fan of the ex-President, reassesses the Nixon presidency and finds himself reaching some surprising conclusions.

Alex Kozinski serves on the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit.

WILLIAM KRISTOL

Great writers don't write bad books. So I recommend anything by these three:

1. Donald Westlake. *The* comic chronicler of contemporary America.

2. Bill James. *The* student of the American pastime, baseball. Proves analytical rigor is compatible with appreciation of excellence.

3. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. *The* prophetic figure of our time. His "Letter to the Soviet Leaders" (1973), ridiculed at the time in the United States as well as in the Soviet Union, has proved uncannily prescient. What of his equally decried analysis of the spiritual crisis of the West, as outlined in his 1978 Harvard Commencement Address? Perhaps there really is, as Solzhenitsyn claims, "a mistake at the very foundation of modern thought" that accounts for many of our ills, East and West. In any case, Solzhenitsyn's return to Russia will be a moment for all of us to cherish.

William Kristol is chief of staff to Vice President Dan Quayle.

LESLIE LENKOWSKY

In an age that seems to prefer its heroes to be fictional or hyper-athletic, *I Could Never Be So Lucky Again: An Autobiography by General James H. "Jimmy" Doolittle* (with Carroll V. Glines) tells the inspiring story of a physically slight youngster who became a real-life hero. Now in his nineties and best known for the thirty seconds he spent over Tokyo during the Second World War, General Doolittle's active career went from the early days of manned flight to the beginning of the space age. In a straightforward, understated fashion, he recounts his role in a host of important areas, ranging from the early days of instrument flying to the shaping of American national security policy. The stories he tells are so good that Hollywood should make a movie of the book—but probably won't.

Gertrude Himmelfarb's recently published *Poverty and Compassion: The Moral Imagination of the Late Victorians* is the long-awaited sequel to her earlier volume on the development of the idea of poverty in nineteenth-century Britain. What distinguishes this work is not only the author's meticulous historical research and graceful writing style, but also her effort to illuminate how the Victorians understood the nature of poverty (and the steps that should be taken to deal with it). We have only lately—and by no means everywhere—begun to rediscover what the Victorians, she reports, well knew: that poverty is as much a moral condition as an economic one. Would Bob Cratchit have been better off if his family had gone on welfare? Would Scrooge? *Poverty and Compassion* gives the answers, and much more.

James H. Madison's *Eli Lilly: A Life, 1885-1977,* published by the Indiana Historical Society in 1989, may seem like a book that would interest only Hoosiers. However, it tells the story of a remarkable man who combined business acumen with a well-developed sense of public service. He and his family not only left their mark upon Indiana (not to mention this magazine—his wife Ruth was an early backer of *TAS*), but also demonstrated, much as Carnegie and Rockefeller did earlier in the century, what the idea of "stewardship" really entailed. Many of today's philanthropists and corporate leaders throughout the country could profit from Mr. Lilly's example.

Leslie Lenkowsky is president of the Hudson Institute.

ELIZABETH B. LURIE

In observance of the season: Peter L. Berger, ed., *The Capitalist Spirit: Toward a Religious Ethic of Wealth Creation* (ICS [Institute for Contemporary Studies] Press).

And, because the "familiar essay" is an endangered species deserving of reverent protection: Joseph Epstein, *A Line Out for a Walk* (W. W. Norton).

And, in remembrance of my friend: Sidney Hook, *Convictions* (Prometheus Books).

Elizabeth B. Lurie is president of the W. H. Brady Foundation.

DAVE McCURDY

I recommend two books which were recently recommended to me: Robert Reich's *The Work of Nations* and Henry R. Nau's *The Myth of America's Decline.* Both offer refreshing blueprints of how we might restore a sense of sanity and national purpose to America's economy.

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E. J. Dionne, Jr. has assembled in his aptly titled book, *Why Americans Hate Politics*, an excellent account of how Americans have been failed by the false ideological choices of the last twenty years, and offers some good advice on how to make our politics more responsive to the needs and aspirations of middle America.

Finally, for those fascinated with the craft of intelligence, David Ignatius's *Siro* is a suspenseful tale of a rogue CIA operation in the Transcaucasian republics of the erstwhile Soviet Union.

Dave McCurdy is a U.S. representative from Oklahoma and chairman of the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence.

TERRY McDONELL

Dark Waters, by Russell Chatham: An outrageous celebration of "the sporting life" by the wild and brilliant painter (Clark City Press).

Making Game: An Essay on Woodcock, by Guy de la Valdene: Everything to know about the elegant species gracefully laid out by a naturalist, hunter, and gourmand (Clark City Press).

Desierto: Memories of the Future, by Charles Bowden. Ed Abbey meets cyberpunk in the desert. Blistering prose (W. W. Norton).

Legends of the Fall, by Jim Harrison: Heroic novellas, as modern and thrilling as they get (Doubleday).

Killing Mr. Watson, by Peter Matthiessen: Simply the best book ever written about an American Frontier (Random House).

My Traitor's Heart, by Rian Malan: Brilliant, soulful writing about conscience and race. A thrilling nightmare (Atlantic Monthly Press).

Terry McDonell is editor in chief of Esquire.

FERDINAND MOUNT

For conservatives and liberals alike this Christmas, the approved corrective reading is Harvey C. Mansfield's *America's Constitutional Soul* (Johns Hopkins). They will emerge chastened.

Ferdinand Mount is editor of the Times Literary Supplement.

CHARLES PETERS

The "must" book of the year is *The Promised Land* by Nicholas Lemann. Others that are useful for any student of Washington are *The Man to See* by Evan Thomas, *The Crisis Years* by Michael Beschloss, and *Counsel to the President* by Clark Clifford. An important book from recent years that too many readers missed is *More Like Us* by James Fallows.

Charles Peters is editor of the Washington Monthly.

JAMES P. PINKERTON

Everyone who thinks that the status quo needs to be challenged should start the New Year with a little light reading: Thomas Kuhn's *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, which will celebrate its pearl (thirtieth) anniversary in 1992. *Structure* has never gone out of print; while it is superficially just a survey of the evolution of science, it is in fact the single most cogent description ever written about the sociological nature of intellectual change. *Structure* is slow going: it helps to have an encyclopedia and a dictionary handy. However, Kuhn shrewdly captures how knowledge-workers actually work: scientists are "puzzle solvers," working in incremental steps within the framework of their operating

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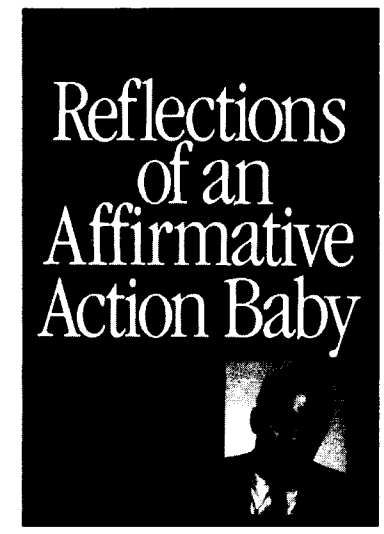

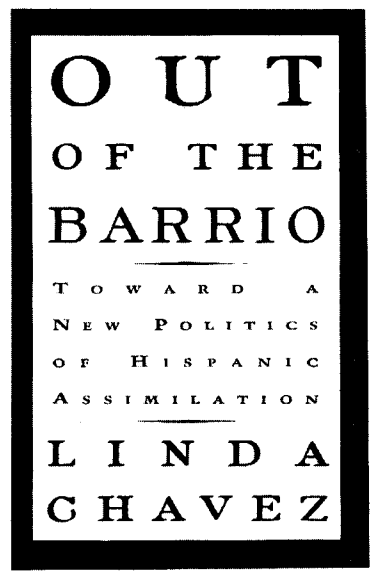

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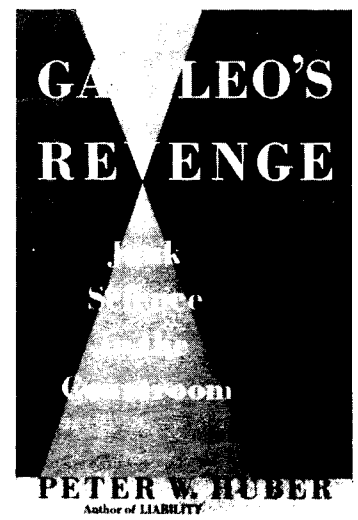

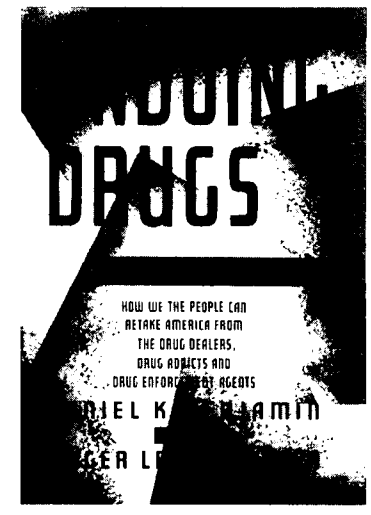

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model or paradigm. Because they are human, scientists are more comfortable working within than without a paradigm. Even if that paradigm doesn't work very well, they cling to it, because it's all they have. Thus medieval astronomers were blindly loyal to the "geocentric" paradigm propounded by Ptolemy a thousand years before. Their belief that the sun revolved around the earth was so strong that they ignored the inevitable "anomalous results" that resulted from better instruments and measurements colliding with the old theory. The old-paradigm orthodoxy was so hostile to the new thinking that it even used the Inquisition to stifle the heretical "heliocentric" paradigm of radicals like Copernicus and Galileo. Fortunately for progress, truth eventually prevailed.

This all may seem abstract until you get to page 67, when Kuhn writes that "the state of Ptolemeic astronomy was a *scandal* before Copernicus" (emphasis added). Then the analogy hits you—Kuhn's description of the intellectual decadence of old scientific paradigms applies with equal force to the decadence of outmoded political belief systems in our time: to wit, the faith that centralized monopolistic bureaucracies can effectively deal with the challenges of today's blooming, buzzing, changing culture. To borrow from Michael Kinsley, the real scandal is not what's illegal, it's what's *legal*. Today, the most morally and intellectually corrupt are those who defend the dehumanizing and incompetent bureaucratic structures that spend more and more and produce less and less, all the while refusing to consider any alternatives.

Eric Larrabee's *Commander in Chief: FDR, His Lieutenants, and Their War* reminds us of a time when the whole country worked together to overcome the Axis. Larrabee's description of George C. Marshall's heroic effort to modernize the military while also expanding it more than fifty-fold is a reminder that effective leaders have always focused on *outcomes*, not inputs. Part of the charm of *Commander in Chief* is that the Americans are referred to throughout as "we."

If the rise of Japan in the second half of this century counts for anything, then the little-known W. Edwards Deming must rate as one of the more significant figures of our time. The Japanese listened to his progressive interpretation of management and quality, and we didn't. Fortunately, his life's work is summarized in *Out of the Chaos*.

Signs of the Times: Deconstruction and the Fall of Paul DeMan, by David Lehman, explains why a pro-Nazi bigamist would feel right at home amidst the radical, relativistic nihilism of deconstruction.

The left has draped the phrase "post-modern" over the usual modern statism. In fact, the direction of post-modern, post-industrial nations has been towards freedom and free markets. This suggests that conservatives should take another look at post-modernism. Robert Inchausti's *The Ignorant Perfection of Ordinary People* is a good place to start. For all the experts and political professionals in this difficult century, the most profound progress has come from "ordinary" people, such as Lech Walesa, Mother Teresa, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Inchausti calls it "plebeian post-modernism." It's a great argument against graduate school!

Camille Paglia's *Sexual Personae* contains more insights and outrages than any book since *The Liberal Crack-Up*. Must reading. Innate sexual differentiation is a post-modern rediscovery of a pre-modern truth.

Also post-modern and philosophical is Lisa Grunwald's *The Theory of Everything*, which grapples with some of the most important questions of this or any other time in an accessible and amusing way.

James P. Pinkerton is deputy assistant to the President for policy planning.

RICHARD PIPES

Apart from the many books on the Russian Revolution which I have read during this year in connection with work on my current book, I recall two novels and a volume of correspondence.

The novels were Trollope's *The Prime Minister* and *The Eustace Diamonds*. Like most Victorian novels they are too long: nothing would be lost if they had been reduced, say, by one-third. But even so, the books hold one's unflagging attention because of Trollope's skill in depicting characters and the environment in which they live: they demonstrate once again that a narrative is possible only where protagonists are confined by and struggling against social or other external restraints. Where anything goes, as in our culture, novelists can create neither convincing characters—characters about whom one cares—nor intelligent suspense.

In *The Prime Minister*, a powerful aristocrat feels he must resign from the premiership because his wife has imprudently asked the voters in their district to cast ballots for her preferred candidate. How touchingly his agony contrasts with the cynicism of modern democratic politics! *The Eustace Diamonds* reveals the mystery of the allegedly stolen jewelry early in the novel and yet manages to keep the reader fascinated by having the mystery revolve around not lifeless objects but living human beings. Incidentally, both novels show how false is the prevalent image of Victorian women as obedient pawns of their men.

The correspondence between Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky and Nadezhda von Meck is a remarkable exchange of love letters over a period of years between a man and a woman who deliberately avoided meeting face to face. The wealthy widow fell in love with Tchaikovsky's music, but the composer's homosexuality barred any intimacy, even of a platonic nature. The denouement of this peculiar affair is stunning and, to me, inexplicable.

Richard Pipes is Baird Professor of History at Harvard University and the author of The Russian Revolution.

THOMAS C. REEVES

1. C. S. Lewis, *The Screwtape Letters* (revised paperback ed., 1982). This helps one to tolerate the bad taste, intellectual vacuity, and general silliness of modern religious worship services. An Episcopalian, I read it biannually.

2. Herbert J. Muller, *The Uses of the Past* (1952). This is a brilliant summary of the liberal assumptions about history and the meaning of life that dominate intellectual life in our time. The author's highly informed innocence should be duly noted.

3. Bernard N. Nathanson, *Aborting America* (1979). An atheist physician agonizes here over the foremost moral issue of our time, concluding that he can no longer execute the unborn.

4. Hans L. Trefousse, *Andrew Johnson: A Biography* (1989). This should remind us that objective, first-class history is still being written, and largely ignored.

5. William S. Lind and William H. Marshner (eds.), *Cultural Conservatism: Theory and Practice* (1991). The important truth that conservatives can be compassionate as well as reasonable is made crystal-clear in this splendid collection of essays sponsored by the Free Congress Research and Education Foundation. Attention GOP.

6. Flannery O'Connor, *Three: Wise Blood, A Good Man Is Hard to Find, The Violent Bear It Away* (1965). This collection of writings by one of the most original and interesting minds of this century is consistently delightful, unpredictable, and unfashionable.

7. Kenneth P. O'Donnell and David F. Powers, *"Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye": Memories of John Fitzgerald Kennedy* (1972). For sheer fun, this is hard to beat. It is especially recommended for fans of black comedy and people who believe in Santa Claus.

Thomas C. Reeves is the author of A Question of Character: A Life of John F. Kennedy *(The Free Press).*

WILLIAM SAFIRE

Here's what I recommend to stretch the mind over the holidays:

The Outcast State, by Elaine Sciolino, to figure out how to deal with Saddam next year.

The Bible and Us, by Jacob Neusner and Andrew Greeley; a priest and a rabbi read scripture together. An illuminating work now out in paperback.

Make No Law, by Anthony Lewis, for some needed reassurance about what we can get away with.

Scandal, by Suzanne Garment, for some provocation about what we should not get away with.

Russia Shakes the World, by Gary Hart, for some fascinating inside stuff about the new power structure by somebody I did not realize was a reporter.

William Safire is the New York Times's *right-wing pundit and language maven.*

JACK SHAFER

One evening in the 1930s Thomas Wolfe paid a visit to his editor, Maxwell Perkins. The Perkins library was awash with books, and Wolfe, a prodigious reader, asked his soon-to-become-legendary editor if he could borrow a few. Perkins assented and the furious scribbler started making a pile—novels, biography, assorted non-fiction. Every book the novelist grabbed inspired him to nab another two, and when the stack was almost head-high Wolfe was in tears. Don't worry yourself, Perkins told Wolfe. Return them any time you like. That's not the problem, Wolfe bawled. It just dawned on me that I'll be dead before I read all the books I want to read.

Wolfe's reading list was abbreviated much sooner than he could have imagined: he died only a few years later.

Like Wolfe, I've compiled a bigger list than I have time for. (It wasn't always that way. I used to read fifty books a year before circumstance yoked me to the adult tedium of a real job.) But I'm not so ambitious about my reading plans that I'm going to let it kill me. The most recent additions to my list include Martin Amis's *London Fields* (1989), a book that I'm sure I'll enjoy as much as his new *Time's Arrow* (1991), if only I get around to reading them. Two Peter Matthiessen books now collect dust in my Thomas Wolfe Memorial Pile: *Killing Mister Watson* (1989) and *African*

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Silences (1991). Whether he is making up stories or writing about elephants, Matthiessen produces prose that is self-contradictory, fruity, and spare at the same time. I'm such a fan that I often recommend two of his early bad novels, *Raditzer* and *Partisans. Preston Sturges by Preston Sturges* (1990) is another great book (all the reviews say so) I want to read. I've always admired the screwball-comedy *auteur* of *The Great McGinty* and *Sullivan's Travels* for having staked the opinion as a youth that his mother's friend Isadora Duncan was a bore and that his businessman stepfather was the coupe de ville.

I have read a few books recently, ones that are worthy of a few tears from every emotional, list-building bibliophile out there in *American Spectator*land. Nick Tosches's *Unsung Heroes of Rock 'n' Roll* (1984) pegs rock 'n' roll's beginning to the 1945 release of "Tell Me You'll Wait for Me" by Johnny Moore's Three Blazers and its end to RCA's 1955 signing of Elvis. Tosches writes like a runaway Toro, hopping the picket fence and snarfing up the neighbor's poodle, blowing bloody bits of bone across the yard. The revisionism contained in this deeply disturbed, shamefully thin volume is so intense it would make Noam Chomsky flinch. Like *Huckleberry Finn*, Ishmael Reed's 1972 novel *Mumbo Jumbo* invites rereading and I'll wager that its wild satire wins it as many readers in the year 2091 as *Erehwon* and *Candide*. Philip K. Dick's 1969 novel *Ubik* is a sentimental favorite of mine, the only book the drug-addled science fictionist wrote that isn't marred by stretches of pulp awfulness.

Living in Washington as I do, I get my fill of the policy debate so I'd rather ban books on politics, sociology, economics, and race relations than hype them. But for the serious-minded readers who expect this sort of thing from an *American Spectator* booklist, I endorse Archer Jones's *The Art of War in the Western World* (1987), which has shaped my thinking as no other tome has in the last four years. War is our most enduring metaphor—the war of the sexes; a war of words; waging political war—and as Jones lays out the skull-cracking ways of the Persian light infantry, the wily style of Marlborough, and the blitzkreig bop of the Nazis it never fails to astonish me how much life imitates military slaughter.

Jack Shafer is the editor of Washington City Paper.

HERBERT STEIN

Jacob Viner, *Essays in the Intellectual History of Economics*. In essays that are at the same time highly entertaining and deeply instructive, a master puts today's pundits into perspective.

At an advanced age I have encountered two writers I should have sampled earlier: Anthony Trollope, in *The Way We Live Now*, paints an ironic picture of finance, politics, society, and journalism in Victorian England that could be 1990s America. Edith Wharton's *The Age of Innocence* undoubtedly contains a moral but is to be appreciated mainly for its charm.

Herbert Stein is senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

TERRY TEACHOUT

I didn't review many books last year, mainly because I spent most of my spare time working on a couple of my own, but I did manage to read a pile of them, and several have found permanent places on my shelves. Two are by Joseph Epstein. *A Line Out for a Walk* (Norton), Mr. Epstein's latest collection of *American Scholar* essays, is a predictable joy, since his prowess as a familiar essayist is no secret; *The Goldin Boys* (Norton) may come as a surprise to readers unaware of his great gifts as a writer of short stories, some droll, others poignant.

For me, the best literary memoir of 1991 was, hands down, Kingsley Amis's *Memoirs* (Summit), not least for the chapter about Philip Larkin. The most interesting non-literary memoir was Francis Mason's *I Remember Balanchine: Recollections of the Ballet Master by Those Who Knew Him* (Doubleday), a collection of eighty-five reminiscences of the greatest choreographer of the twentieth century. The most rewarding collection of criticism, both literary and social, was Jonathan Yardley's *Out of Step: Notes from a Purple Decade* (Villard), a powerful antidote to the current cultural nonsense. The most important work of history was Gertrude Himmelfarb's *Poverty and Compassion: The Moral Imagination of the Late Victorians* (Knopf), which contains, among many other good things, the best short discussion of the Fabians in print. The most readable policy book was Walter K. Olson's *The Litigation Explosion: What Happened When America Unleashed the Lawsuit* (Truman Talley/Dutton), which does the impossible: it's both informative and extremely witty. In addition, three invaluable reissues deserve mention: Peter F. Drucker's *Adventures of a Bystander: Memoirs* (HarperCollins); Irving Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism* (Transaction); and an expanded edition of Michael Oakeshott's *Rationalism in Politics and Other Essays* (Liberty Press).

Finally, a personal discovery: Dawn Powell, the dry-martini novelist whose praises Edmund Wilson sang in a 1962 essay and whom I finally caught up with this year. Four of her wickedly funny novels about Greenwich Village life are now available in paperback: *The Wicked Pavilion*, *Angels on Toast*, *The Golden Spur* (all from Vintage), and my favorite, *The Locusts Have No King* (Yarrow).

Terry Teachout's latest book is City Limits: Memories of a Small-Town Boy *(Poseidon). He is at work on a biography of H. L. Mencken.*

ED TURNER

1. *The Last Lion*, by William Manchester. A gifted writer who is also a scholar continues the chronicle of the most brilliant politician-writer and fair country painter of this century.

2. *Prince of Tides*, by Pat Conroy. A writer of great insight and sometimes illuminating wit has created the best work of fiction of the 1980s.

3. *The Crisis Years: Kennedy and Khrushchev 1960-1963* by Michael Beschloss. For those of us who lived through the period, a fascinating account by this splendid scholar-historian-writer.

4. *The Russian Revolution*, by Richard Pipes. A tough read but worth the effort to learn why they are the way they are.

5. *Second Sight*, by Charles McCarry. You know this is the way it all works. Closest we have to our own Le Carré.

Ed Turner is vice president of CNN.

SANDER VANOCUR

As I am somewhat sluggish about keeping up with publications of the moment, my submissions include two books that were published late last year but still stand the test of time:

1. *There's a Country in My Cellar*, by Russell Baker (Morrow). The book is a collection of Baker's columns, going back to 1962, when James Reston persuaded the powers that be at the *New York Times* that giving Baker a column was the only way to prevent him from returning to the *Baltimore Sun*. The years since have revealed why Baker is the right successor to E. B. White.

2. *Righteous Pilgrim: The Life and Times of Harold L. Ickes*, by T. H. Watkins (Henry Holt). A fascinating biography of one of this century's most colorful figures. Ickes started out as a Bull Moose Republican, served as FDR's secretary of the interior, immortalized himself in 1940 by calling Wendell Willkie a "barefoot boy from Wall Street," and was fired by Harry S. Truman.

Current: *Out of Thin Air: The Brief Wonderful Life of Television News*, by Reuven Frank (Simon and Schuster). The former president of NBC News, the man who paired Huntley with Brinkley, recalls the early days of television news, the days when you could try anything and no one knew what worked and what did not. I also commend the book because Frank says nice things about me.

Sander Vanocur is senior correspondent with ABC News.

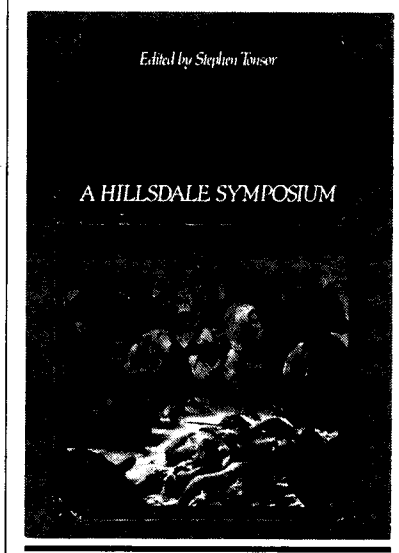
(continued on page 50)

SCROOGE'S CORNER

President Donald Kennedy has asked me to respond to your letter of September 19 in which you invite him to submit recommendations and short evaluations for some of his favorite books. Because of the relatively short notice and because Stanford's Centennial falls directly in the intervening period, he regrets that he'll not be able to accept the invitation.

—G. Robert Hamrdla
Assistant to the President
Secretary, Board of Trustees
Stanford University
Stanford, California

REFLECTIONS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION



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John R. Dunlap

REMEMBERING ST. MUGG

A year after his death, Malcolm Muggeridge's journey from apathy to belief continues to stir the soul.

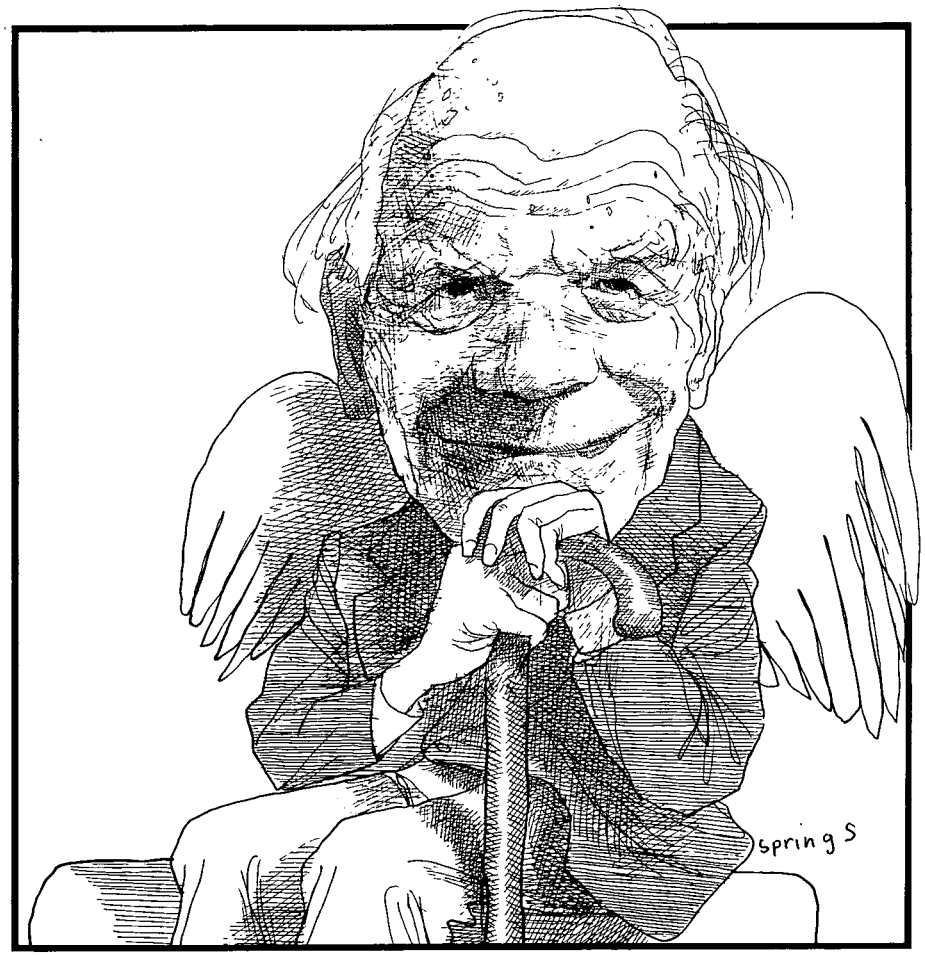
Early in the spring of 1933, shortly before leaving Moscow after a long winter stint as correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*, Malcolm Muggeridge was invited to dine with the head of the press department at the Soviet Foreign Office. Chief censor for the international press corps in Moscow, the Soviet official was, according to Muggeridge's memoirs, "a youngish-looking man named Oumansky with crinkly hair and a lot of gold teeth." By this time, Muggeridge had pretty much made himself *persona non grata* for a series of harsh reports (smuggled out by diplomatic pouch) which he had written on the Soviet suppression of religion and the state-engineered famine in the Ukraine.

He wasn't sure what to expect from Oumansky. On first meeting the official several months earlier, Muggeridge had been treated deferentially, owing to his close acquaintance with Beatrice and Sidney Webb, at the time England's socialist luminaries and the world's "estimable upholders of Stalinist dictatorship." Muggeridge had come to Moscow largely under pretext, not much interested in being a foreign correspondent; he and his wife, Kitty (a niece of the Webbs), had fully intended to take up permanent residence in the Workers' Paradise, and Muggeridge, not quite 30 years of age, was bubbling with enthusiasm. By the time Oumansky invited him to dinner, the bubbles had burst, Stalin's Great Terror was cranking up, and Muggeridge expected at any moment to be kicked out of the Soviet Union, if not arrested, for dropping his hard-earned counter-revolutionary sentiments among the pro-Soviet geeks who pored over the *Guardian*.

Dinner was at the Spirodonovka, formerly a rich merchant's house which had been requisitioned permanently by the Revolution to be used for government hospitality. Oumansky seemed to Muggeridge to be hugely proud of the house, with its furnishings and décor all intact, and he showed Muggeridge through "tall, dimly lit rooms, heavy with coloured marble." The dining room was stately, with many mirrors and, over the table, a massive candelabrum.

At dinner, after several courses and more than a few highballs, Muggeridge, half-drunk, began to feel himself being absorbed into the room: "The mirrors revealed a long, long corridor along which I trudged, with no end in sight." The figure of Oumansky, who was patter-ing on about the Revolution and the Proletariat and Comrade Stalin, "loomed up across the table, misty and remote."

Muggeridge left the Spirodonovka (and soon thereafter the Soviet Union) with scarcely a clue as to why Oumansky had invited him to dinner. Amid the small talk and boozy mist, however, one remark stuck. Oumansky said that Muggeridge had given him the impression "when I first came to the USSR that I believed in nothing, whereas I went away believing in something."



In his memoirs, Muggeridge wonders whether Oumansky's remark indicated "an unspoken recognition on his part that my changed attitude represented a genuinely reached conclusion, not an interested calculation." Of course, the remark may have been nothing more than a firm hint that it was time for Muggeridge to leave the USSR; but one may also wonder how a Soviet functionary—a supremely dedicated Stalinist who was later to become ambassador to the United States—could be moved to say off the cuff that Muggeridge's earlier enthusiasm for the Soviet state was nothing more than the symptom of a self-indulgent nihilism. Be that as it may, Muggeridge did indeed leave the Soviet Union "believing in something."

That "something" wasn't yet the Christianity he was to acquire much later, and certainly not the Roman Catholic Church he was to embrace in his very late years. What Muggeridge seems to have discovered in the Soviet Union, amid the rubble of his utopian hopes, is that the human condition has intrinsic meaning—independent of social or historical circumstance.

The thought would come to him in flashes, as when he and Kitty were staying at a dacha in the Kliasma woods outside Moscow. Kitty, pregnant with their second son, had come down with a severe and frightening case of paratyphus in a land where people crossed themselves at the thought of entering a hospital. Muggeridge had been nursing Kitty for several days, and one evening he went for a brief walk through the pine forest:

> It just suddenly seemed to me that Russia was a beautiful place—these pine trees, dark against the snow which had now begun to fall, the sparkling stars so far, far away, the faces of the Russians I met and greeted, these also so beautiful, so clumsy and so kind. *Tovarish*!—it meant something after all. Brother!

What it meant, exactly, Muggeridge wasn't sure—but he was certain it had nothing to do with consumers' co-operatives, hydroelectric dams, crop quotas, the press corps in Moscow, or the funny little cranks in the West who wrote articles expatiating upon the excellence of the public health service in the USSR.

When he left Russia, Muggeridge was dogged for many years by a recurring

John R. Dunlap teaches English at Santa Clara University.

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melancholy, the unwelcome loneliness that shadows so many independent minds. Except to his family and his closer friends, he no longer felt any allegiances. He remained outspoken in his scorn for the British Raj and the general prospects of the Empire, but his erstwhile colleagues on the left snubbed him for his slanders against the great Soviet hope. The collapse of his left-wing orthodoxy was dramatized in *Winter in Moscow* (1934), a semi-autobiographical novel which he wrote almost ten years before Hollywood's Jack Warner produced the fatuous *Mission to Moscow* and more than twenty years before Nikita Khrushchev horrified a new generation of true believers with the public confirmation that Stalin really wasn't a very nice guy. By age 30 Muggeridge was permanently stuck with being a man of vision.

At the center of this vision was a peculiar intuition that the future somehow adumbrates the present. The notion makes perfect sense to any believer in Christian eschatology; but, as if to prove the point by example, Muggeridge acquired the notion long before he "rediscovered" Christ: "The future casts its shadows backwards." It was often a point of fascination for him "to observe how what is to happen reveals itself in advance." In his African travels, for example, as an agent for the British Secret Service during World War II, he found that government houses had about them "a musty smell of decay; a premonition that a change of tenancy is imminent."

There were many other premonitions, gloomy more often than not. Throughout the war, and despite his energetic service to the Allied cause, Muggeridge felt no excitement in the prospect of victory. The war itself he regarded with contempt as "a kind of running soap-opera" (a favorite trope, by the way: in 1957 he was pilloried by an angry public and temporarily banned from the BBC for calling the British monarchy "a royal soap-opera"); amid British jubilation when the United States entered the war, Muggeridge could only feel apprehension as he envisaged "the awful perversion of words and meanings that would soon be upon us."

With Hitler's invasion of Russia the previous year, the Nazi-Soviet pact had already been forgotten, and the gray figures in the Kremlin were now being hailed as "liberators." The future was casting back its shadows: intimations of a Soviet official sitting among the judges at Nuremberg, or of the French Communists gorging themselves in an anti-collaborationist frenzy after having supported Hitler during his pact with Stalin, or of the U.N. springing into its vapid existence.

Or of the Cold War and its wild ironies. In 1978 he remarked:

> I've always thought that the Cold War when it was on was one of the most bizarre wars in history because wherever you had the Americans they created Communists and wherever you had the Communists they created anti-Communists. So that really the Cold War became the question of whether the Americans would create more Communists than the Russians would create anti-Communists.

Considered in these terms, the Cold War seems to have been won by the Russians —but at the time of his remark Muggeridge also observed that "the Americans are doing rather well."

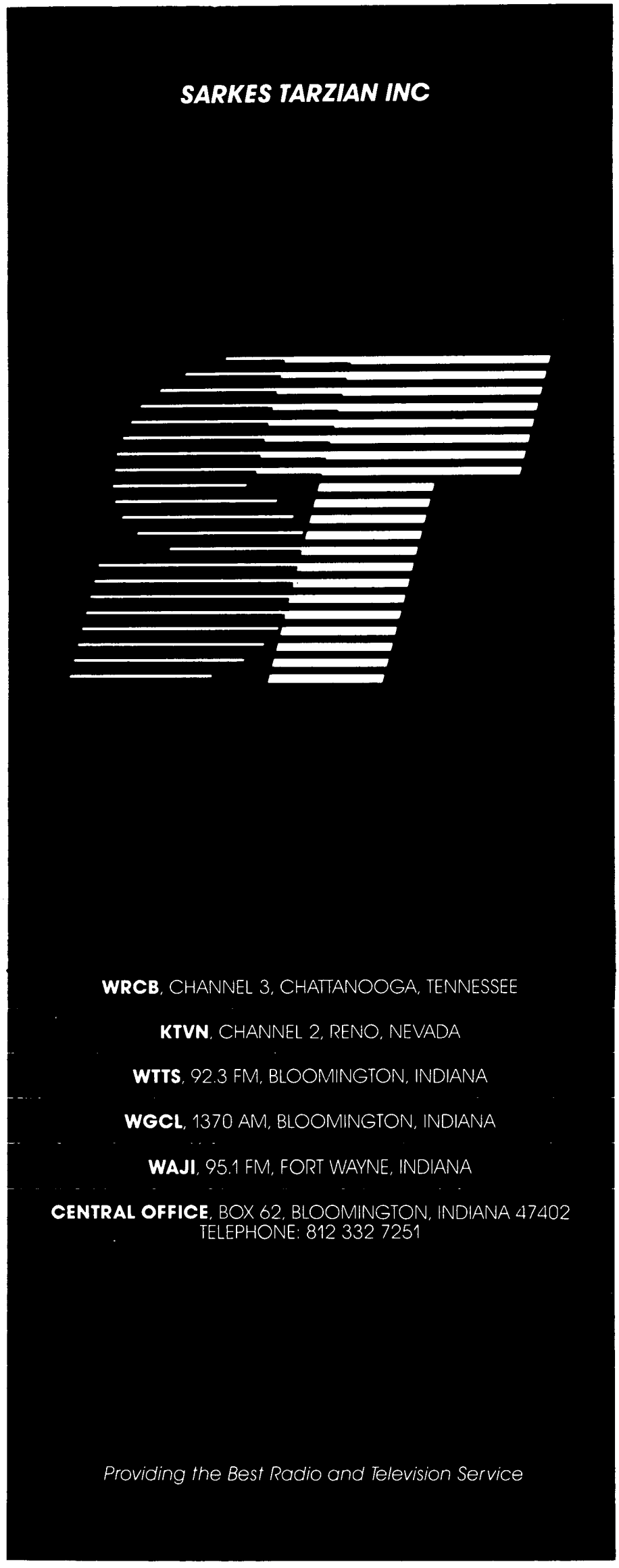
In Hugh Kingsmill, Muggeridge found a friend who shared the anti-utopianism he had acquired in the Soviet Union. Kingsmill, a writer "uncontaminated" by the ideological conflicts of the age, dismissed utopian expectations as "Dawnism." Muggeridge was fond of quoting a passage from the introduction to Kingsmill's *Poisoned Crown* (1944):

> What is divine in man is elusive and impalpable, and he is easily tempted to embody it in a concrete form. . . . Yet the attempt to externalise the kingdom of heaven in a temporal shape must end in disaster. It cannot be created by characters or constitutions nor established by arms. Those who seek for it alone will reach it together, and those who seek it in company will perish by themselves.

For his endorsement of such sentiments, Muggeridge was labeled a "neo-Tory" by another friend, George Orwell. But the intimations were more than political, and much later Muggeridge would have to label himself a Christian. His disillusionment with the notion of a kingdom of heaven on earth "led me inexorably to the kingdom not of this world proclaimed in the Christian revelation." When Kingsmill died in 1949, Muggeridge, still far from proclaiming any faith, wrote of Kingsmill's "greatness," which lay "in his faculty to see into the mystery of things."

That same faculty apparently troubled Muggeridge during his years as a media celebrity, which he would look back on with some distaste. In his memoirs (written mostly around 1970-72), Muggeridge bemoans "the preference I have so often shown for what is inferior, tenth-rate, when the first-rate was there for the having." The context for this comment is touching: leaving Kitty and the children for "the foolish, and often vainglorious, if not squalid, preoccupations of the moment"—in this case the war, which, at age 36 and with hefty family responsibilities, he had no obligation to enter and, really, no business entering.

A "preference for the inferior" did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White nights of the northern city,
Blue eyes of one of its women.

Light brims up over the Pole, limning
With surfaces of serenity

Gold spires, green squares, grey river
Where today's dusk is tomorrow's dawn.
Sheets of light under the swansdown
Sky sweep through, around, over,

Unsilting every dulled sense,
Flexing every frozen mood
Of the stranger from a lower latitude.
Peeling from lulled waters, sky-silence,

How can such fineness run so rich?
—Laminations of light, ermine, almond,
Dissolved into the wholly transparent:
A fluid purity to leach

Out the crass, the quotidian,
Mind blanched to take stronger hues

And above all her eyes'. That blue's
Even more confirmatory than

All those wide-winged whitenesses:
With an unstinting radiance
Of acceptance, of endurance
Inexhaustible as the rich skies.

Profound plenitude, then:
Not the thin blue of the shallows,
Of the village-girl gaze that goes
With blonde plaits; nor like the alien

Flat amethyst ovals of sprites with
Snake-fascinations, snake-fears
In the cold springs, white-birch-hidden meres,
Projected unfeeling from myth.

—And yet the inhuman has firmed
The depth and strength of that blue:

Here life's been indentured to
Troll, golem, the undead, the damned,

Mean fury has raved, ravenous,
Down these streets, with claws of torture,
War, famine, lies, slaughter.
Terror-hammer, falsehood-furnace

Crushed the selfish, or just weak, to mere
Clinker, to twisted scrap; but
The fine, the firm, with eyes half-shut
Was forged through years in that fire

To a gentle strength, to a charm
Against all that's false and cruel;
And that blue is the sheen of a steel
It took white heats to anneal.

But now the white night is cool,
The eyes upon mine are calm.

—Robert Conquest

indeed show up in his frenetic work as a star reporter and editor for the *Daily Telegraph* (1946-53), editor of *Punch* (1953-57), and TV host of programs for the BBC throughout the fifties and early sixties. His witty assaults on human pretensions were supported by his sense of the fundamental mystery of things; but that same sense chided him when he used his wit frivolously. He began feeling an intermittent self-disgust. By the mid-sixties, he had stopped smoking and drinking. He took up a vegetarian diet, for which he acquired the appellation "St. Mugg" from his detractors, who regarded his newfound asceticism as yet another stunt. Asked for his personal credo in 1966, he wrote, "I should be proud and happy to call myself a Christian; to dare to measure myself against that sublimely high standard of human values and human behaviour."

Within the next three years—either before or after meeting Mother Teresa while making the celebrated film *Something Beautiful for God*—Muggeridge stopped admiring Christianity as a nifty ethical system and started believing in the Incarnation and the Resurrection. For the remaining two decades of his life he devoted his wit and his media talents to the propagation of his faith.

It didn't involve all that much change. Long before he knew what he believed, Muggeridge knew very well what he disbelieved, and he continued in one way or another to be preoccupied with his "revulsion against the liberal mind as such and all its works." The "Dawnism" of the liberal mind, according to Muggeridge, constitutes a "death-wish," so that, by a strange irony, we get "a continuing revelation of what Blake called Fearful Symmetry":

> Illiteracy increases along with expenditure on public education, the demand for sedatives with increased leisure or affluence, and crimes of violence with libertarian schemes to prevent them and rehabilitate their perpetrators. The more pacifists and internationalists in the world, the more belligerency; the more free speech, the less truth spoken; the more maternal and child care, the more foetuses aborted and thrown away with the hospital waste. Oh, the terrible inhumanity of the humane!

Muggeridge held forth against the heathen with the same sense of irony he had used to tweak the high and mighty. It all fits, and those who were baffled by his "conversion" couldn't have known him very well. Nor was there any call to be flabbergasted when, in December 1982, he and Kitty were received into the Roman Catholic Church. That future too had cast its shadow backwards.

He was nonetheless enigmatic, leaving many questions for biographers. Since he was always attracted to themes of the New Testament (the fallenness of man, the human need for some kind of rescue, the significance of suffering, man's dim perception of the world through a glass darkly, and so forth) and was always amenable to the religious impulse, was there ever a time in his life, really, when Muggeridge *wasn't* some kind of Christian? Was the alleged suicide attempt during his wartime service at Lourenço Marques (1943) for real, or a ruse to fool the Germans? Why is Muggeridge on record as having claimed both? And given his skeptical temperament, where did he get the initial credulity he took with him to the Soviet Union in 1932? Or the personal warmth he seems to have felt for real stinkers like Walter Duranty and Kim Philby?

Or the unstinting admiration he heaps on Tolstoy the man (i.e., Tolstoy the colossal egotist, not just the great novelist) in *A Third Testament* (1976), a television commentary written three decades after a diary entry (August 1, 1948) places Tolstoy in the same jerk-league as Rousseau and Whitman, with Muggeridge plausibly regarding the contrast between Tolstoy's preachments and his personal behavior as "singularly revolting"?

In another diary entry several months later (February 1949), Muggeridge considers Tolstoy "the best possible example of the fatal consequences of failing to relate ostensible beliefs to actual behaviour. In the end life exacts a fearful price for such charlatanry." That's Muggeridge in good form and on target. So how did Tolstoy, in Muggeridge's view over the next twenty-seven years, advance from charlatanry to the saintly status of "God's spy"? Did it require some blunting of his critical edge for Malcolm Muggeridge to surrender to Christ?

In the last decade or so of his life, Muggeridge longed for "the release of death," and he alluded so frequently to his imminent demise as to move Auberon Waugh to write a mock obituary: We regret the sudden passing of Malcolm Muggeridge "at the age of 150." But the longing, if inevitably tinged with farce, was not out of pain or gloom or cranky morbidity; his last twenty years seem to have been his happiest, and he was active almost to the end. In fact, he longed for death in the expectation of joy.

On November 14, 1990, at the age of 87, he reached the end of the "long corridor" which he had seen himself trudging fifty-seven years earlier over dinner with a Communist functionary. If it's true that each human soul is fashioned to enjoy God in some unique way, nothing could be more fitting to Saint Mugg than to be told, precisely, the why of God's creation, the wherefore of His cosmic joke. □

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James Ring Adams

MEDELLIN'S NEW GENERATION

Colombia's largest cocaine syndicate hasn't been daunted by the arrest of its leaders and American investigations of its favorite money-launderers. Now reorganizing and just as ruthless as ever, the resilient cartel is learning from its mistakes.

Some of Colombia's biggest drug lords—including kingpins Pablo Escobar and the Ochoa family—have surrendered and gone to jail, claiming they've retired. The world's most important drug bank, the notorious BCCI, has gone largely out of business, dropping skeletons from every closet. Gen. Manuel Antonio Noriega, who turned Panama into a narcotics way-station, is now standing trial in Miami on drug conspiracy charges.

They sound like big victories in the "war on drugs," but, despite the headlines, the Medellin cartel is regrouping under younger, more sophisticated, and more dangerous leadership. The man most likely to emerge as the new cartel boss, the shadowy "Don Chepe," has covered his tracks so successfully that almost no one in the American public has heard his name. He is Gerardo Moncada, a university graduate and an industrial engineer, and his organization privately claims to pump more than four tons of cocaine a month into New York City alone. The Drug Enforcement Agency still calls the Cali cartel the main New York supplier, and DEA leaks refer to Cali as the new menace, but the yuppified second generation in Medellin, with Moncada on top, may be more effective and even deadlier.

Moncada evaded not only the Colombian government's campaign against the more publicly violent cartel leaders, but also the two-year U.S. Customs Service sting that brought down the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. The downfall of BCCI began in late 1986, when the Customs office in Tampa, Florida, heard that a mid-level Colombian money launderer, Gustavo Mora, Jr., had come to town to set up a new network. An agent named Robert Mazur, a genius at undercover work, set up an entire phony money-laundering operation for Mora and let it run until October 1988. The sting, code-named Operation C-Chase after Tampa's Calibre Chase condos, where it was headquartered, uncovered drug rings in four cities. In a completely unexpected bonus it exposed the money-laundering of BCCI. But it never succeeded in capturing Mora's main client—Don Chepe. Only one of Moncada's men even stood trial, a German-Colombian medical-student-turned-drug-pilot named Rudolf Armbrecht, who was convicted of money-laundering and is now serving a 13-year sentence in a federal prison in New Orleans. A second indictment early last September brought RICO charges against Moncada and senior BCCI officials. In the furor over BCCI, nearly everyone has forgotten that Moncada was the ultimate target of the American agents who infiltrated the bank.

Discovering Don Chepe was the drug-war equivalent of finding a new planet between Jupiter and Saturn, but even though three federal grand juries have now indicted him, no one talks about it. Customs gloats privately that it spotted Moncada first, but plays him down for tactical reasons. The DEA ignores him publicly, perhaps embarrassed that its intelligence didn't notice him earlier.

Agents should be asking why they didn't. It's a loaded question, one guaranteed to fuel the unending feud between Customs and the DEA, but the intelligence failure isn't the fault of the field agents. For all the political talk of a "war" on drugs, Congress has slighted one of the most elemental aspects of a military campaign: adequate intelligence. As "drug czar," William Bennett pushed hard for a National Drug Intelligence Center, which would analyze the mounds of raw data turned up by the half-dozen agencies fighting drugs. But last year the Senate Appropriations Committee voted not to fund it; it survives only because the House kept it as a morsel for the pork barrel, with a quarter of the funding envisioned.

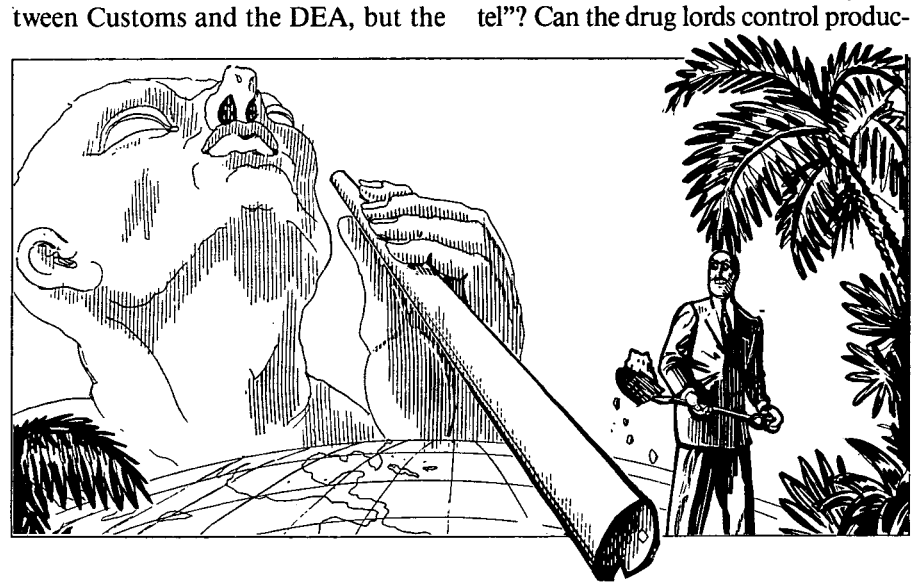
So where do the field agents go to find out how marriages and blood relations bind together members of the drug cartels, or to reconstruct balance sheets for drug transactions, or to understand the economics of illicit money transfers? They rely on information from their own agencies—information usually directed solely toward making a case in court—or call friends at other agencies when their supervisors aren't watching. This hit-or-miss approach not only has led to huge oversights in intelligence, such as the failure to spot Moncada, but also leaves drug enforcement personnel unable to grapple with surprisingly basic questions.

For instance, is there even a drug "cartel"? Can the drug lords control production of the drug to drive up the price? Do they even want to? Some agents think they drove the price *down* in the mid-1980s, as part of a brilliant strategy to increase demand. Others don't even think there is central control. A few years ago one Senate investigator interviewed three Miami DEA agents, each of whom had served a high-risk tour in Colombia. One said: Yeah, it's tightly controlled, from the top down. Another said: No, it's a loose collection of separate groups that work together load-by-load. The third said: You're both wrong; the truth is somewhere in between. But agents don't want to niggle over definitions when lives are at stake. Cartel or confederation, something sits in the main cities of Colombia directing a flood of drugs into the U.S. You can smell it.

The smell of the cartel is the acrid smell of burning forest. In the backlands of Peru and Bolivia, near the headwaters of the Amazon, peasants slash and burn rain forest and plant the coca bush in terraced *cocales* of two to three acres each. Each cocale produces 15-20,000 plants and can be harvested three times a year, for an annual yield of a pound of coca paste, which can be processed into about 150 grams of pure cocaine.

The U.S. State Department wants to fight the drug war through crop eradication. It has been pushing to spray the fields with a coca-killing herbicide called Spike and to pay the Andean peasants to grow something else. The peasants, no fools, gladly pocket the payments and clear new cocales in the jungle—three new acres for every acre the State Department sprays and pays out of production. State maintains an air force of crop-spraying Thrush planes in Peru, which can't fly safely over the coca-growing region for whole months of the year, due to the dense smoke from the burning forests.

The smell of the cartel is the smell of nail-polish remover and hospital anesthetic, the smell of acetone and ether. (The cartel uses 80 percent of the ether



James Ring Adams is author, with Doug Frantz, of a book on BCCI, A Full-Service Bank, *to be published in January by Simon and Schuster.*

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imported into Colombia.) Add a whiff of sulfuric acid and potassium permanganate, and you have the lethal brew that extracts cocaine crystal from coca paste. The coca leaf yields an alkaloid of carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen. (Humans have a stormy relationship with alkaloids: the family includes caffeine and nicotine.) Paste from the leaves comes north to vast, ramshackle laboratories hidden in the Colombian jungle, where chemicals from the industrial world transform it into a salt, cocaine hydrochloride, in which form the bitter, shiny crystals make their final passage to the streets of the world.

The drug lords aren't big backers of occupational safety, and the lot of the lab workers is a hard one. If the jungle doesn't get them down, the chemicals do. The noxious fumes turn their faces gray and the alkaloids stain their skins, earning them their nickname *verdemanos* ("green-hands"). Sometimes the volatile ether ignites, blowing up lab and workers. The cartel simply hires more workers, puts up more tin-roofed labs, and imports more ether.

The cartel treasures its hold on processing. Several Bolivian growers once tried to set up their own lab complex; their experiment in "downstreaming" ended in their death. And police raids on the labs make the druggers really mad. In March 1984, Colombian forces trashed the vast Tranquilandia complex, the "Silicon Valley of drugs." In revenge, the cartel ordered the assassination of Justice Minister Rodrigo Lara Bonilla.

The smell of the cartel is the smell of blood, excrement, and cordite, the smell of violent death. Six weeks after the Tranquilandia bust, as the justice minister's white Mercedes slowed in the north Bogota rush hour, two riders kept pace on its tail. The passenger on the bike took a Georgia-made Ingram MAC-10 machine pistol from under his coat and emptied a clip through the rear window. The minister died within the hour.

This was the cartel's first big-time political assassination, but motorcycle shootings were already routine; hundreds of thugs had already died in Miami and Medellin. Pablo Escobar beat one rap in 1976 by murdering all of the witnesses. Judges who heard drug cases would get a one-sided message: silver or lead; take a bribe or a bullet. The few drug cases that did go to trial often ended in strange acquittals.

The most courageous response to the onslaught came from the press. In 1983, investigative reporters on Bogota's second-largest newspaper, *El Espectador*, dug up the story of the almost-forgotten 1976 case against Escobar. The drug lord had just been elected to the Colombian congress, and the scandal ended his political career. In 1986, editor-in-chief Guillermo Cano Isaza published another major series on the cartel. It was the last straw. As Cano's car idled in a traffic jam, a motorcycle rider emptied a MAC-10 through his window. By one recent count, forty-two journalists have been killed by the cartel, a close second to forty-five murdered judges.

As each murder went unpunished, the cartel grew bolder. Most of Colombia suspected, but could not prove, that the druggers paid for the takeover of the Supreme Court by the M-19 guerrilla group in 1985, on the day the court was to begin debating Colombia's extradition policy. The crossfire left nearly a hundred people dead—guerrillas, soldiers, office workers, and most of the Supreme Court justices. But there was no ambiguity in the bombing of *El Espectador* in September 1989, the continued murders of judges, police, and reporters, and the assassination of three major candidates for the 1990 presidential election. The cartel made it official with an August 24, 1989 statement to a Medellin radio station declaring "total and absolute war" against virtually all of Colombian society.

After each atrocity, the Colombian cabinet would order a major crackdown, but, until the cartel's declaration of war, they all petered out. One or two expendable druggers might be brought to justice, which, given the state of the Colombian judiciary, meant brought to the United States. Television might show a raid on a cocaine lab or a drug dealer's farm, and the cartel kingpins might take sanctuary in the jungle or neighboring Panama. But six months later business would be back to normal and the cartel would be stronger than ever.

And a smell would surround the paralyzed government, the smell that marked the cartel above all others —the smell of money. Bribes to police bought advance warning of drug raids. Contributions to congressional candidates bought support on issues like the extradition treaty with the U.S., which was permanently voided by the constitutional convention last summer. Drug lords, most conspicuously Pablo Escobar in his hometown of Envigado, built low-cost housing for slum-dwellers, who made capable and faithful assassins. Every kingpin wanted his own professional soccer team, and the drug lords owned a majority of Colombia's national league. As the Roman emperor Vespasian said, "Money doesn't stink."

But Vespasian was wrong. Street-worn tens and twenties passed around in drug deals do stink. The bills smell of sweaty palms, old wallets—and cocaine. (Dogs trained to sniff for drugs often pick out suitcases of cash as well.) When money launderers count a million or more in a windowless room, their thumbs turn a greasy green and the whiff of heavy, lead-based ink rises in the air. Some counters wear surgical masks for protection against the lead. The inky, sweaty, alkaloid smell of money is the most pungent smell of the cartel, and its most potent perfume.

It took a while for U.S. agents to pick up the scent. In 1980, the cartel was a mystery, and lawmen were busy just counting the bodies from the "cocaine wars." The DEA was preoccupied with a Colombian ex-whore named Griselda Blanco, who was slaughtering her competitors and creditors by the dozens. Her feuds littered the Miami streets with corpses, but the real drug power was forming elsewhere. The term "cartel" was first used in a 1980 memo produced by Operation Banco, the first FBI/DEA task force targeting money-laundering. The Feds still hadn't figured out the key players, but the money trail pointed to a handful of families in Medellin and Cali, the two cities that controlled 80 percent of the cocaine flooding into the United States.

Medellin, the country's second-largest city, was busily imitating the Chicago of the 1920s. High-rise office buildings were sprouting along its pleasant boulevards. Previously obscure figures were spreading around great wealth. Lawyers, realtors, and financial advisers were raking in big fees, and no one asked where the money came from. Cali, further south, was smaller and quieter, and so were its hoodlums.

The thugs from Medellin grabbed most of the headlines because of their violence, and names like Escobar, Ochoa, and Rodriguez Gacha were becoming notorious. Cali got less ink, possibly because the names of its leaders, jawbreakers like Rodriguez Orejuela and Arizabaleta, were harder to spell, and possibly because Cali ran a kinder, gentler operation. When Escobar went to court, he took along a squad of young toughs brandishing submachine guns. When Cali leaders answered a summons, they went with a squad of lawyers. Cali men didn't like to kill; they hired toughs from Medellin to do the job.

Gringo intelligence exaggerated the importance of some characters and underestimated others. Carlos Lehder Rivas, the first of the cocaine stars, was overestimated. Short, wiry, and charismatic, Lehder was born in 1943 to a Colombian woman and an expatriate German hotelier whom American diplomats suspected of running a Nazi spy ring. Throughout his youth, Carlos had the off-putting habit of claiming

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Adolf Hitler as his hero. Later he added Che Guevara to his pantheon. In more grandiose moments he tried to work up a political movement synthesizing the two into an ultra-nationalist, populist defense of selling drugs to the gringos.

Lehder grew up with his mother in the United States. He received his "advanced education," as he put it, at a federal prison in Danbury, Connecticut, where he did time for a marijuana conviction. He emerged in 1976 with a plan to provide a bridge to the U.S. for the budding Medellin cocaine trade. In the early 1980s, he pioneered bulk smuggling into Georgia and Florida, bringing in 200 kilos at a time on Cessnas, Beechcraft Bonanzas, Swearigen Merlin IIIs, Piper Navajos, and practically every other type of small jet on the market. But Lehder was an outsider, not even a native of Medellin or its surrounding Antioquia province. He snorted coke himself, and other cartel leaders began to worry about his antics. On German television, for instance, he bragged that he owned more airplanes than the Colombian Air Force.

Lehder bowled over a lot of ladies, but chose badly. He fell for the wife of one of Pablo Escobar's bodyguards and took the direct approach to the husband: he went to the man's house and shot him dead. That was too much even for Escobar. Pablo summoned the other cartel leaders to a meeting and ten days later delivered Lehder to the DEA. That, at least, is the story French police in Guadeloupe heard from a mid-level cartel figure who claimed to have attended Escobar's meeting. It's a fact that, in February 1987, someone tipped the Colombian police off to Lehder's hiding place, and he was hustled off to the U.S. to stand trial.

True or not, the story made an unmistakable point. In spite of Lehder's flash, Escobar and the Antioquians ran things. By the mid-1980s, federal prosecutors were learning the same thing as they followed the money trail. "The big boys never touch drugs," they said, "but they always touch the money." The undercover money-laundering operations were turning up a wealth of intelligence. After a certain point, the cartel money men would pour forth gossip, as a way of showing their bona fides and promoting business.

A detailed picture was emerging of cartel heavyweight Pablo Emilio Escobar Gaviria. The son of a schoolteacher, Escobar came from a middle-class home, not the squalid slums he would later identify with. Starting as a bodyguard and enforcer for a smuggler of stereos, he had made the transition to cocaine by 1976. Short, soft, and puffy-cheeked, Escobar didn't impress much physically, but he did have a mind for business. As he gained power, he took on the nickname *el padrino*: the Godfather. (The druggers laugh at Brian DePalma's cocaine morality play *Scarface*, but they love Francis Ford Coppola's *Godfather* movies. Griselda Blanco even named her son Michael Corleone.)

By the mid-1980s, Escobar had garnered fabulous wealth, although probably not the $2 billion *Forbes* estimated in putting him on its list of world billionaires. These estimates failed to account for expenses, which in Escobar's case must have been enormous. It takes money to bribe an entire country, and Escobar had to buy off four or five. But there was enough left for the extravagant consumption that became a cartel hallmark. Like other druggers, Escobar bought thousands of acres in the country. His farm featured a private zoo with camels, giraffes, hippopotamuses, and an elephant that picked pockets. Sightseers could drive through, passing under a portal supporting a single-engine airplane. By local legend, the craft had flown Escobar's first load of cocaine.

The money trail led to other cartel leaders, next to whom Escobar looked charming. Jose Gonzalo Rodriguez Gacha, a former pig farmer from the Andean town of Pacho, inherited Escobar's role as enforcer. He organized hit squads for Medellin jobs and Israeli-trained paramilitary guards for the jungle labs. He kept a working gallows on his farm, along with a collection of porcelain cats, and liked to carve his initials into the bullets he fired from his silver-plated automatic pistol. His hometown revered him for donating a bullring, but officials in Bogota called him a psychopath.

The Ochoa family had more pretensions. Fabio Ochoa Vasquez, the patriarch, bred and trained Colombian walking horses, and had more breeding himself than most of the slum-life in the dope trade. Sometimes topping 400 pounds on a five-foot-six frame, he frequently displayed his incredible girth at local horse shows. As he rode his favorite horse, Rescate, with his huge belly flopped over the saddle horn, spectators pitied the sway-backed beast.

Along with the horses, Big Fabio raised three sons who shared his animal interests and who became, with Escobar, the core of the Medellin cartel. By one account, the eldest, Jorge, started in drugs to support the family's riding habit. He quickly earned enough for four huge ranches and a private zoo, with free-running herds of buffalo and giraffes. The youngest, Little Fabio, looked like a college hippie, but ran the Miami side of the business with life-and-death power over hundreds of dealers. Don Fabio claimed not to be involved himself. Instead he wrote public letters anguishing over his wayward sons, and spent their money on his horses.

Ochoa, Escobar, Rodriguez Gacha —these were the big names of the cartel when Robert Mazur launched Operation C-Chase. For years, Mazur had planned a long-range money laundering sting that would bring him within striking distance of the big boys. He trained and refined his technique in shorter runs. Often he met the Colombians' agents, and he heard some of the cartel gossip coming out of other operations. In the course of C-Chase, he would move some money for the big names and catch sight of large parts of their financial structure. But he never came within arm's length of Escobar or the Ochoas. He hit instead on someone else, a Medellin heavyweight almost totally unknown to the American government. His discovery may have more lasting importance than his missed connection with the cartel stars.

As Mazur moved more and more money for Gustavo Mora, Jr., the ambitious Colombian kept telling him about a major new contact in Medellin, one of the "heavy ones" in the cartel. But Mora would never divulge the name, referring to him only as "Kiko" or "Don Chepe." Mazur also heard the name "Chucho,"

BCCI AND OPERATION C-CHASE

Mystery still surrounds Operation C-Chase, the undercover Customs Service sting that exposed the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. The sting ended in a movie-melodrama takedown in October 1988, when the two main undercover agents lured their targets to Tampa by staging a fake wedding. Six BCCI executives and several Colombian money washers drove off to what they thought would be a raucous bachelor party and wound up in federal custody. Customs chief William von Raab hailed it as the most successful undercover operation in Customs history.

That claim still holds up, but Operation C-Chase (named after Tampa's Calibre Chase condos, where it was headquartered) raises even bigger questions than it answered. Why weren't its leads followed up on by other agencies? Customs agents heard over and over that BCCI secretly controlled Clark Clifford's First American Bankshares. They say they notified the Federal Reserve, which now doesn't recall getting the tip. C-Chase identified a Medellin ring smuggling four tons of cocaine a month into New York, but the DEA still tells the press that Cali has a lock on the tri-state market.

The internecine tensions of the C-Chase investigation burst into the open in August when it was revealed that its lead undercover agent, Robert Mazur, had quit the Customs Service in frustration. According to friends, Mazur's letter of resignation complained that, given more resources, the BCCI investigation would have yielded far greater results, particularly in the investigation of First American. C-Chase also figures in another sort of BCCI mystery. The current bestseller in Panama is an anonymously published exposé by one Daniel Gonzalez called *The Kings of Money-Laundering*.[1] Gonzalez, a mid-level executive at BCCI-Panama, who was fired in 1985 amid charges of irregularities and mishandling accounts, has dropped from sight. His book lays out the main drug accounts at BCCI-Panama and a host of other local banks, including Banco Interoceanico, which once employed current Panamanian president Guillermo Endara.

In a typical scene, Gonzalez describes an evening spent listening to three of General Noriega's business partners apportion drug money deposits among nine banks. They met, he says, in the Club VIP atop the Bank of Boston building, which specialized in providing companionship—male or female—to its patrons. The club maintained photo albums of models in various poses, dressed or semi-nude, each identified by number. A call from the office would bring the person for the evening.

Gonzalez also reports meeting with Pablo Escobar in Colombia and running down a list of mutual acquaintances, mostly BCCI clients. "Do you know General Noriega?" Gonzalez asked.

"Yes!" Escobar replied. "I met him in Cuba. Don Fidel Castro introduced him to me at a meeting where I also met Don Robert Vesco."

This is marvelously lurid reading, and it jibes perfectly with everything C-Chase revealed about BCCI-Panama. Panamanians speculate endlessly about the identity of the book's secret sponsor, and the U.S. Customs Service is a favorite suspect. (The main evidence seems to be Gonzalez's overheated description of an undercover agent in a bikini.) Covert publication seems out of character for Customs, but U.S. sponsorship, or at least encouragement, cannot be ruled out, as Gonzalez did apparently help the government at the Tampa BCCI trial. Much of the book reads like debriefing notes. And Gonzalez writes that he finished writing the book in Tampa on October 31, 1989, when preparation for the C-Chase trial would have been in high gear. —*JRA*

[1] *Los reyes del lavado de dinero.* Panama City: anonymously published, 1991. 241 pp. No price given.

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but he wasn't sure for months whether it was a reference to Don Chepe or an aide.

Shortly before meeting in Paris with a delegation from Medellin, Mazur confronted Mora directly. "Who is Don Chepe?" he asked bluntly. Mora only smiled. Moncada remained a mystery right up to the end of Operation C-Chase. He showed up in the indictment as "John Doe, a.k.a. Don Chepe."

The rest of the government didn't know much more, as the Department of Justice proved in September 1989 when it updated its list of the "dozen most wanted" cartel members. Don Chepe made the list, in the august company of Pablo Escobar and the Ochoa boys, but where the other files displayed a mug shot, Don Chepe's said "No Photo Available." His date of birth read "xx/xx," with the improbable year of 1966. His place of birth: "Colombia." Those were the useful entries. The sheet continued:

HEIGHT: Unknown
WEIGHT: Unknown
HAIR: Unknown
EYES: Unknown

The backgrounder even placed him in the wrong cartel, Cali instead of Medellin. The only important piece of information was his name: Gerardo Moncada.

Of course, Moncada was doing his best to prevent an accurate reading. An informant told DEA agents in New York that Don Chepe kept his cocaine distribution strictly separate from his money laundering. The money side of his operation knew how much a distributor owed, but not how much cocaine he was moving. Likewise, the cocaine smugglers knew how much to deliver, but had no idea what their contact owed. Only Don Chepe and Chucho, his chief lieutenant, had the whole picture. It wasn't clear, the DEA noted, just how his organization managed to set the terms of sale.

One side of the outfit, however, was hard to hide, even for someone so obsessively secretive that he wouldn't even reveal the price of his product. Moncada maintained a fleet of airplanes, long-range Gulfstream Commanders worth over a million dollars apiece. The planes took the cover of a charter airline, incorporated under the name Aviel. But planes leave a paper trail, and sometimes a lot more than paper. On April 3, 1989, one of Don Chepe's Gulfstream Commanders crash-landed in a snowdrift in Fredericton, New Brunswick. Royal Canadian Mounted Police were waiting for it, disguised as off-loaders. The plane carried more than 500 kilograms of cocaine, destined for New York. The Mounties followed the load to Quebec and snapped up Don Chepe's New York distributor. They traced the plane's registration to an airplane broker in Tennessee, who had sold it to Rudi Armbrecht, the Operation C-Chase defendant. In a bravura display of financial tracking, agents for Customs, the IRS, and the FBI were able to show that Armbrecht had paid for the plane with drug money laundered through C-Chase and BCCI.

The arrests brought out Don Chepe's ruthless side. In late summer 1989, he sent a team of heavily armed Colombians to New Brunswick to break his pilots out of jail. Their car got lost in the Maritime backwoods and wandered across the U.S. border. When they wandered back, the Mounties picked them up and found their car crammed with grenades, machine guns, pistols, 2,000 rounds of ammunition, a rubber boat, and inflatable life vests. At the same time, amid rumors of a Medellin threat to President Bush's family, the Secret Service rushed to Portland to protect the President's daughter.

Earlier this year, Canadian courts tried the pilots, the distribution team, and Moncada's head of operations in New York City. All the defendants were convicted. The day after the last trial, in early June, one of their defense lawyers, Sidney Leithman, was driving to work when a car blocked the road in front. Another car boxed him in from behind and a gunman opened fire, killing Leithman with five shots at point-blank range.

The murdered lawyer may have committed a great legal blunder: a female client in the case had been offered a fairly light plea bargain. Leithman assured her he could get her off, and she turned it down. She was convicted and sentenced to eighteen years. The Mounties later heard that she was the girlfriend of a cartel bigshot, possibly even of Escobar himself.

The plane in the New Brunswick snowdrift revealed more about Moncada than a certain impatience with lawyers. He had the capacity to launder millions of dollars. He controlled transportation capable of reaching Canada. And he could put together cocaine loads that would have made Carlos Lehder drool. Anyone who could run such a fully integrated drug ring without having his picture taken was a force to be reckoned with.

By 1989, Moncada was clearly a rising star within the cartel, perhaps even the equal of Escobar and the Ochoas. Colombian journalists speculate that he might have been the mysterious "fourth partner" in the Tranquilandia laboratory complex. The registry records for the lab named a certain Don Ramiro, who vanished after the raid, just as Don Chepe emerged.

In mid-1989, tensions between Medellin and Cali burst into open warfare. Some thought the two cartels were fighting for control of Jackson Heights, the Colombian neighborhood in Queens. A helicopter full of British mercenaries crashed in central Colombia; they said they had been sent by Cali to assassinate Pablo Escobar. Medellin had trouble with the government, too, and this time it was serious.

The killings of presidential candidates cleared away any lingering notion that the cartel was a problem only for the United States. The cartel's August declaration of war ushered in a spate of random bombings. When, in November 1989, an Avianca airliner exploded in mid-air, killing all 107 passengers, police blamed Escobar and Rodriguez Gacha.

The Medellin cartel is regrouping under younger, more sophisticated, and more dangerous leadership.

The government's big break came in mid-December 1989. Colombian soldiers had been raiding the mansions and ranches of the Medellin druggers, and the nation had gawked at their opulence. Then a boatman from the country's north coast called in a tip. He had spotted one of the kingpins and wanted to claim the $625,000 reward that had been offered by the government. It was Rodriguez Gacha, venturing far from his central Colombian holdings to supervise a drug shipment. A helicopter force descended on the farmhouse where he was holed up. He and his bodyguards fought back with grenades and then scattered. Rodriguez Gacha grabbed a truck and sped across open fields as a helicopter gunship whirred behind him. The gunship started firing. Rodriguez Gacha ditched the truck and sprinted for cover. The gunship cut him down as he clutched his submachine gun.

The former pig farmer's hometown mourned its benefactor, but the rest of the country rejoiced. The government received a much-needed boost. Pablo Escobar, now a hunted fugitive, retaliated by offering his Medellin followers a bounty for each policeman killed. The petty assassins responded with enthusiasm, murdering more than 400 Colombian officers. But the police staged a brutal retaliation. Death squads calling themselves the "Robo-cops" roamed the north Medellin slums, killing dope dealers, addicts, and any young man who looked like he could ride a motorcycle. A thousand people, most of them youths, died in the slaughter.

By last year, even the Medellin cartel could see that terrorism was taking it nowhere. Colombia had a new president—who had managed to stay alive through the elections—and he offered the drug lords a deal. If they turned themselves in and served a jail term, they wouldn't be handed over to the U.S. The Ochoa boys decided to try it out. Escobar waited for the results of Colombia's constitutional convention, called to end the country's decades-old guerrilla problem. When the convention, urged on by lawyers who ran financial errands for the cartel, voted to end extradition, Escobar also took the deal. An octogenarian television priest, the country's best-known cleric, acted as go-between and prayed for Escobar's redemption. The hometown hero surrendered to do time in his native Envigado, in a prison built to his own design, complete with his mother's cooking.

On August 16 of this year, Justice Minister Jaime Giraldo and several other justice officials were forced to resign when it was disclosed that Pablo Escobar had received over two hundred guests, several of them wanted felons, and that dozens of unauthorized cars had been allowed inside the compound. It may yet happen that the former Medellin heads pass up the chance to retire as the world's richest horse trainers, and that the government has copped out again. But, as leaderless gangs returned to common street crime, it was clear in Medellin that the top level of the cartel was in disarray.

What would replace it? No one thought there would be an end to the slash-and-burn clearing of cocales in Peru, or that the cocaine labs would shut down, or that the incredible money flow from North America would dry up. More likely, some thought, the Cali cartel would move into the vacuum. The government had conspicuously exempted Cali from its crackdown, indicating that it was fighting the narco-terrorism of Medellin, not the apolitical trafficking of others. Possibly the Bolivian and Peruvian growers would set up their own processing labs and expand into the downstream market. But in the third and most probable scenario, Medellin's second generation would emerge to pick up the pieces. The prosecutors and agents who had caught the scent of Don Chepe in Operation C-Chase are convinced that Gerardo Moncada is the most likely heir to the drug lords' throne. □

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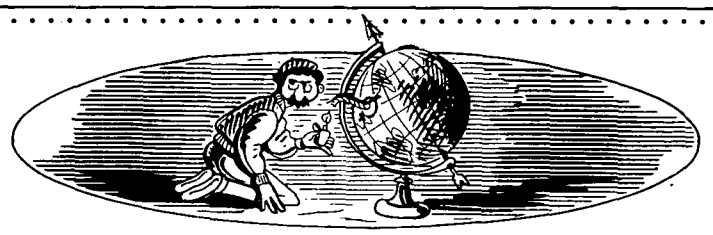


OUT TO LUNCH WITH SENDERO

by Patrick W. Symmes

Lima

In a corner of the cellblock, the guerrillas keep a gift shop. They while away their sentences making jewelry and trinkets for the revolution. One dollar at a time, they seem to think, Sendero Luminoso will build up its war chest until all Peru is conquered.

My guide, a serious and commanding woman, bends down over a card table to show me one of the gifts for sale: a little model no bigger than her hand, made of cloth and painted paper. The model is childlike, but the scene is not. Three guerrillas are machine-gunning a government official as he steps out of his limousine. She explains that this "member of the reaction" was now a victim of the "people's war." Lovingly painted rivulets of blood run down his centimeter-high body.

She points at one tiny doll shaking his fist in the air. "This is a member of the public," she says, almost whispering across the top of the figures. "He is shown supporting us."

It was the only time that day I saw her smile.

Canto Grande jail is a dank and crowded concrete fortress on the outskirts of Lima. About 300 members of Sendero Luminoso, or the Shining Path, are imprisoned here for crimes of terrorism. Their fanatical insurgency has reduced Peru to the point of collapse: 22,000 dead in eleven years of fighting and half of the country under a state of emergency, with villages occupied and army patrols ambushed almost at will.

The guerrillas have benefited from the cocaine trade, too, financing the revolution by taxing every kilo of coke that leaves Peru. This has put them in the way of anti-drug efforts, and Washington has now decided that fighting drugs requires fighting the guerrillas: in October, Congress released $34 million in military aid to Peru, and by the end of the year fifty American advisers will be in Peru training the army to fight the Shining Path.

Patrick W. Symmes is a writer living in McLean, Virginia.

Little is known about Sendero—they don't speak to the press. Several journalists looking for them in the field have received the ultimate "no comment." But in Canto Grande, the *senderistas* have constructed their own chilling fantasy of Peru's future, a kind of Disneyland of the revolution, complete with gift shop and tour guide. Here the revolutionary psyche is put on display for those who would know Sendero's mind.

On a burning Sunday morning, I joined the long queue of visitors snaking through the prison parking lot. Genuine security concerns overlapped with that most Latin of vices—a love of stamps, seals, and all things official. Over two hours, I was inspected at three checkpoints, frisked, fingerprinted, and inked on my forearms with seven different purple stamps. A soldier cheerfully wrote the number "150" on my bicep in ballpoint: I feared this was to help identify the bodies if things don't go well inside.

In June of 1986, things got very nasty indeed. Sendero prisoners took over three Lima jails in a coordinated uprising. The police counterattack killed some 300 guerrillas; more than a hundred of them were shot in the back of the head after surrendering. The survivors had been concentrated here at Canto Grande, and five years later both sides say they are expecting a repeat.

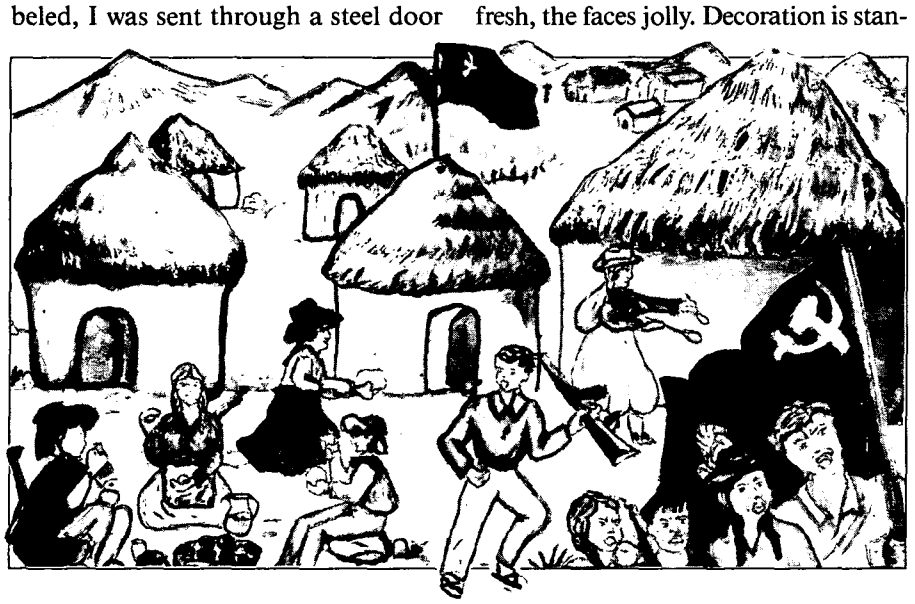
Fully stamped, inspected, and labeled, I was sent through a steel door into the prison's central courtyard. Scores of common prisoners mill about there in tattered shorts, begging and harassing visitors. Many are drug addicts, smokers of *basuco*, the crude cocaine paste sold by guards. Quivering and pale-faced, they wander in a nervous daze around the circular courtyard. The odor of rancid food and urine rises from the cement, while from upper windows, bare-chested men shout insults and rain down crumpled trash and spittle on visitors.

The Sendero prisoners are segregated in two cell blocks: 1-A holds about 80 women, and 4-B about 300 men. At the entrance to the women's pavilion, government control ends. A Sendero prisoner checks my documents, like the border guard of a tiny liberated zone. Ducking my head, I pass under an arch of red hammer-and-sickle flags and enter the Marxist dream of Peru's future.

A greeting committee of young women surges forward, applauding vigorously and calling out "Welcome, comrade!" Neatly dressed in flowery blouses and slacks, some in high-heel shoes, they begin to sing a tribute to their leader and their party, which can be roughly translated as:

. . . we advance with you
To final victory in the popular war.
The Peruvian Communist Party,
The army of the new state.

The room is blindingly clean, the air fresh, the faces jolly. Decoration is standard-issue Socialist Realism: red banners declare "Long Live the People's War." Portraits of Marx, Mao, and Lenin are posted on the walls beside quotes from each. More slogans urge me to remember the Four Phases of Struggle, to Build World Maoism, and to Boil All Drinking Water.



Prison guards have ceded control of the block to Sendero—apparently because of threats to their families—and the guerrillas live independently. They cook their own food, even raising rabbits in their cells, and organize their days around exercise, ideology classes, singing, mural-painting, and military drills. The prison has become a finishing school for the cadres.

A spokeswoman arrives, a tall and elegant woman in her forties. While attendants buzz about her, bringing tea and bowls of fruit, she insists that she is "just an ordinary prisoner, someone with knowledge of the situation."

How was she chosen as a leader? I ask.

"There are no leaders in Sendero," she says, fingering her glass of tea. "We are all equal."

Looking at the attendants waiting on her, I point out that she must be *some* kind of leader. Was she elected democratically?

She stares at me icily. "The best are chosen," she says.

Sendero is no democracy. The group is obsessively hierarchical, half-Maoist army and half-personality cult. The unlikely target of their worship is Abimael Guzman, the nondescript leader of Sendero. Guzman, a philosophy professor, has adopted the *nom de guerre* of President Gonzalo, and he cultivates the image of a warrior-philosopher, an austere and disciplined revolutionary. Like Pol Pot in Cambodia, he remains hidden, present in slogans and paintings but almost mystically removed from the struggle. Guerrilla cadres revere him as the "Fourth Sword of Marxism" and repeat his utterances on every subject. The guerrillas roam the countryside, attacking every trace of govern-

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ment authority and brutally enforcing a rigid Marxism. A favored tactic is to seize a village and stage show trials: the mayor, a schoolteacher, a local priest, or a foreign aid worker is executed for "crimes against the people." Private property is distributed to the poor and boys as young as 13 are impressed into the ranks of the insurgency.

The aim of the revolution is rebirth through violence. Like the Khmer Rouge, Sendero believes in cleansing society with blood. According to Sendero doctrine, the Khmer Rouge had the right techniques; they simply lacked an effective Communist party to carry the revolution to its end.

Over lunch, my guide explains the world situation today. Sendero Luminoso is the last bastion of true Communism in the world. Fidel Castro is the worst of all things, a revisionist servant of the United States. China is run by capitalist-imperialist dogs. The collapse of Communism worldwide means nothing to her—as far as Sendero is concerned, world Communism collapsed the day Mao Tse-tung died. From Tiananmen Square to the capitals of Eastern Europe, she explains, the masses are ready for a violent revolution.

This torrent of dogma continues as we are served plastic bowls of rice and an oily stew with a number of small bones. Lunch comes to an abrupt end when a set of antennae emerge from my rice. Wriggling legs soon follow. My guide apologizes and suggests a walk.

It is a prisoner's stroll—up and down the tight courtyard attached to the Sendero cells. The walls are twenty-five feet high, just enough room for huge murals of the revolution and its patron saints. Chairman Mao beams down benignly from behind a basketball hoop. At another spot, he is shown towering over a tiny column of Chinese peasants. FORWARD TO VICTORY IN THE PEOPLE'S WAR, reads the slogan at his feet. Another mural shows Guzman, the Fourth Sword himself. He is sitting at a desk, a pudgy figure with thick glasses. Behind him are portraits of the previous three "swords": Marx, Lenin, and Mao.

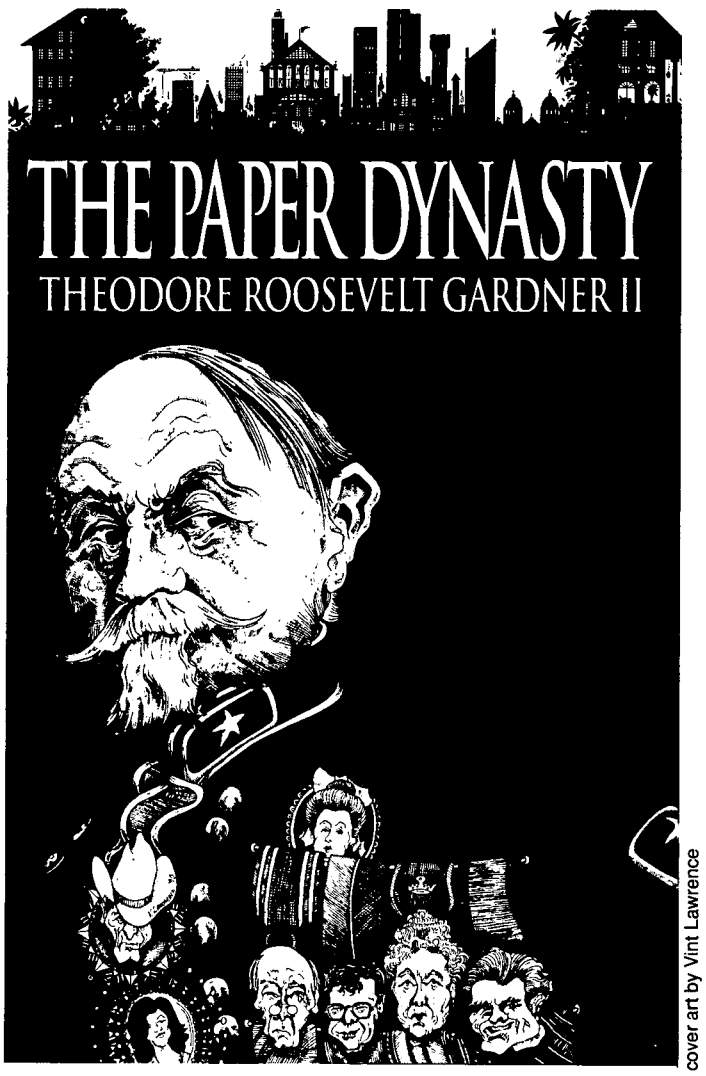
We visit the gift shop, with its strange array of handicrafts. The little model of an assassination is there, beside piles of revolutionary kitsch. There are tote bags decorated with the hammer-and-sickle. There are earrings etched with a tiny scene of the world exploding in flames. And two watercolors made with a childlike simplicity. The first shows a scene of happy villagers cooking and singing under a red flag and golden sunset. In the second, they are shown blowing up a police station. I try to bargain, but in the revolution prices are fixed—three dollars for both paintings and the assassination scene.

There was a breeze up, and in the men's courtyard more than a hundred prisoners lay on cots, dozing or idling in the shade of sheets strung overhead. Among them were Cesar, 19, and Javier, 22, both serving long sentences for terrorism. Cesar is handsome and shy, but Javier recites doctrine aggressively. "Of course we know we are going to win. The masses reject the government," he says. He speaks easily of feudalism, mobilization, the means of production. Marxist logic explains everything: "You are either for the revolution or you are against it. If you are against exploitation, you are for violent revolution. When I realized that point, I joined the party." He goes on to explain the four phases of revolution, the two antagonistic paths, and the struggle against "parliamentary cretinism," known elsewhere as elections.

Then he leans in close and lowers his voice. "Just tell me this," he says. "Who has the nicer murals, us or the women?"

On my way out, the quiet Cesar walks with me. He was a student at San Marcos University until his arrest for bombing a store, and he hopes to go back to school after the revolution. With his slim good looks and stylish clothes, he could be out on the street chasing girls. He simply does not look like a killer. With

CELEBRITIES SPEAK ON



cover art by Vint Lawrence

Sorry I won't have time to get to "The Paper Dynasty."

—Tom Wolfe

I'll certainly make an effort to read your book—especially as I had a passing acquaintance with a Chandler or two.

—Clifton Fadiman

Many thanks for sending along a copy...which I look forward to reading.

—Joseph Epstein

The similes are...not very good.

—Jack Smith
Los Angeles Times

...a bit offensive....

—Name withheld, an editor of the Los Angeles Times

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a touch of shyness, he talks about the "immense love" of the people for the revolution. "They love us very much," he says dreamily. "*Muchísimo.*"

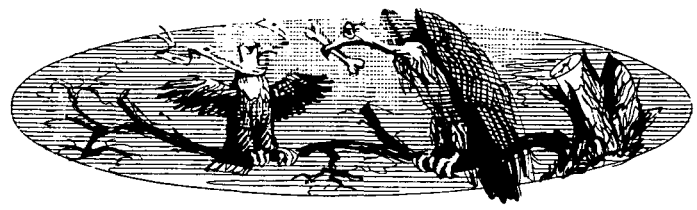
I ask if his bomb killed anyone. He shrugs his shoulders indifferently.

"It was a capitalist store," he says.

There are no windows inside the fortified guardhouse, and in the cool darkness the young guards gather around to look at my souvenirs from the gift shop. The captain comes over, and puts on a broad smile. "Boys, look how childish it is," he says.

He holds up the little model, and the ring of faces draws in closer. They look closely at the little figures, the machine guns, the street covered with blood. The model, like the prison itself, is a miniature Marxist fantasy of what is to come for Peru. Among the guards, there is nervous laughter that slowly dies out. □

THE NATION'S PULSE



BUSH'S CARTER PROBLEM

by Roberta Gerard

Like much else that is still wrong with the world, the current, deteriorating state of American-Israeli relations can be traced back to Jimmy Carter's Presidency. For it was Carter who was indirectly responsible for the victory of the Likud party in 1977, and it was Carter who made Likud's settlements policy acceptable to a majority of Israelis. Until Carter's advent, Israeli policy in the West Bank and Gaza was in the hands of the Labor party, and Labor was bent on avoiding what Abba Eban called "superfluous domination" of the Arabs. Indeed, the story goes that when Levi Eshkol, the Israeli prime minister who presided over the Six-Day War, first visited East Jerusalem and saw its teeming Arab throngs, he turned to an aide and asked, "How do we get out of here?"

For a decade after 1967, most Israelis shared Eshkol's views. They did not want to dominate the 1.3 million Arabs who came with the occupied territories. But neither did they wish to return to the claustrophobic lines of pre-1967 Israel—lines most Israelis called the "Auschwitz frontiers." To square the circle, Labor adopted the Alon Plan. Of the 2,100 square miles of West Bank territory, General Yigal Alon believed that, for security reasons, Israel needed to annex about 700 sparsely populated square miles. That done, Israel could safely afford to trade two-thirds of the West Bank for peace.

Labor's willingness to withdraw from the West Bank was anathema to Menachem Begin's (and Yitzhak Shamir's) Likud party. Likud believed that all the West Bank was Israel's by right, and that any territorial compromise was tantamount to treason. But while most Israelis agreed with Begin that Israel's claim to the West Bank was at least as valid as, say, America's claim to Texas, until Carter came along they rejected Begin's ideological approach. What mattered to them, then as now, was security, not ideology. Likud's policy, which entailed indefinite Israeli control over the West Bank's restive Palestinians, seemed a recipe for endless turmoil and continued insecurity.

And then Jimmy Carter came along.

How Carter helped turn the West Bank into a battleground is well known. In March 1977, Israel's Labor prime minister, Yitzhak Rabin, paid his first official visit to America's newly elected President. Labor was in the middle of a national election campaign, laying heavy stress on the special relationship it claimed to have established with the United States. This relationship, Labor argued, would be jeopardized if the Likud extremists ever took office. What better way to underscore the importance of that special relationship than for Rabin to visit Washington and confer with Carter?

But Rabin had failed to reckon with Carter's temperament. Immediately after meeting with the embattled prime minister, the new President made it known that he expected Israel to withdraw to its 1967 frontiers, with only minor adjustments. As Rabin later wrote in his memoirs, "No President before Carter had ever publicly committed the United States to such a position." A few days later, Carter became the first President publicly to endorse a Palestinian homeland.

There it was: with a few ill-chosen words, the President of the United States had undercut Labor's campaign strategy and virtually guaranteed a Likud victory. Reluctantly, Israelis concluded that Begin had been right all along: you can't trust the gentiles. Labor's moderation, reasonableness, and willingness to compromise had availed Israel not at all. Only by being strong, determined, and intransigent would the Jews of Israel survive. And only by criss-crossing the entire West Bank with a network of settlements could they resist pressures to withdraw to the 1967 lines.

In July 1977, Begin made his first visit to Washington as Israel's new prime minister. In his diary, Carter described Begin as "quite congenial, dedicated, sincere"—a welcome relief from the dour, chain-smoking Rabin. But as Begin began to implement his settlements policy, Carter's friendly feelings evaporated. By the time Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan visited the White House, the atmosphere he found was "ugly." "You are more stubborn than the Arabs," Carter told Dayan, "and you put obstacles on the path to peace." According to Dayan, "Whenever the President showed signs of calming down and holding an even-tempered dialogue, Vice President Mondale jumped in with fresh complaints which disrupted the talk."

Israel's settlements policy now became Carter's personal obsession. Even after the Camp David accords were concluded and Israel agreed to withdraw from the entire Sinai peninsula, Carter would not relent. In March 1980, the United States joined other members of the U.N. Security Council in calling on Israel "to dismantle the existing settlements and in particular to cease, on an urgent basis, the establishment, continuation and planning of settlements in the Arab territories occupied since 1967, including Jerusalem."

It is not hard to envisage how American-Israeli relations would have fared under a second Carter Administration. Fortunately, the American people, in their wisdom, prevented that nightmare. Or perhaps one should say "delayed" rather than "prevented." For today, under George Bush's leadership, it is coming to pass.

The resemblance between Carter's and Bush's policies is striking. Like Carter, Bush despises Israel's leadership, is surrounded by anti-Israeli advisors, is determined to bring about a comprehensive Arab-Israeli accord, and is almost sycophantically deferential to Saudi Arabia. Above all, like Carter, Bush is obsessed with the West Bank settlements, and considers them the principal obstacle to Arab-Israeli peace.

For its part, the Israeli government is coming to view George Bush with undisguised alarm, and sees his well-known obsession with the settlements as less a personal idiosyncrasy than a deeply rooted conviction that Israel must withdraw to the 1967 frontiers. Unfortunately, Bush's formula for peace is Shamir's formula for national suicide. Thus, the more Bush denounces the settlements, the more settlements Shamir builds. And the more settlements Shamir builds, the angrier Bush gets. Bush's anger finally came to the surface during his unfortunate press conference last September, in which he called on Congress to delay consideration of loan-guarantees to Israel. His petulance and rancor that day were fully worthy of Jimmy Carter.

What makes the current impasse especially tragic is that, if he only knew it, Bush could easily bring Likud's settlements policy to an end—without undermining American-Israeli relations in the process. All he has to say is that, while the United States maintains its opposition to Israel's annexation of the West Bank, the "land for peace" formula does not preclude substantial territorial changes in Israel's favor. On the contrary, if Israel is to enjoy defensible borders, such changes are both morally legitimate and strategically necessary. In short, all Bush has to do is endorse the Alon Plan. Israeli public opinion, never comfortable with Likud's settlements policy, will do the rest. □

Roberta Gerard is a writer in the New York City area.

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AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

WRONGING THE BILL OF RIGHTS

by Williamson M. Evers

As part of its bicentennial Bill of Rights exhibition, my local children's library featured a guide for librarians and schoolteachers, listing thirty seven works of fiction suitable for introducing children to the Bill of Rights. It was compiled by Barbara Elleman, the editor-in-chief of *Book Links* and past editor of the children's section of *Booklist*, both magazines published by the American Library Association. My first clue that something might be amiss with the guide was a poster promoting it. The poster omitted the Ninth Amendment (inherent but unenumerated rights) and the Second (right to bear arms), and it condensed the Tenth so as to leave the powers reserved to states completely out of the picture.

Now the list: Elleman thinks that *Rebecca's War* (1972), by Ann Finlayson, illustrates what is at stake in the Third Amendment, which restricts the quartering of troops in civilian residences. In the novel, the British army occupies Philadelphia during the American Revolutionary War. Rebecca's house is requisitioned early on by the British, who billet troops there. The British expropriate Rebecca's house in particular because the male members of her family are fighting the British. But the Third Amendment is *not* meant to prevent hostile troops occupying your residence in wartime—it bars troops of your own government occupying your house in peacetime.

The Fourth Amendment protects people and their property against "unreasonable searches and seizures." Elleman, however, thinks it governs a wide variety of humanity's ordeals, including the treatment of prisoners of war. So she recommends Bette Greene's *The Summer of My German Soldier* (1973). Elleman also thinks the Fourth Amendment is about imprisoning people on the basis of their race. Hence several books that she recommends are about the detention of Japanese-Americans and Japanese-Canadians during World War II. Elleman even thinks that the Fourth Amendment governs thievery by army deserters. So she recommends Patricia Gauch's *This Time, Tempe Wick?* (1974).

Many of these topics are worthy matter for books, but they are not what the Fourth Amendment is about. Since the characters in the books about World War II really were captured German soldiers or persons of Japanese ancestry, their seizure was "reasonable" as the law uses the term. These might be legitimate Fourteenth Amendment "due process" or "equal protection" cases, but what the Fourth Amendment does, in the usual case, is mandate procedural safeguards when the police are searching for and gathering evidence.

Elleman thinks the Bill of Rights outlaws individuals disturbing the peace of mind and sensitive feelings of other persons—protecting, for example, the psychological sense of independence of the elderly. One of the books (*Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune*, 1983) is about a bag lady who gets help she does not want from a girl. But a young person's perhaps undue solicitude for an elderly person is not a constitutional issue.

Several books (*Once I Was a Plum Tree*, 1980; *Prank*, 1980) are about someone not liking somebody else's religion and exhibiting personal prejudice. Not liking someone's religion can take different forms. Strong religious convictions and a disapproval of rival religions is a normal, predictable aspect of a pluralist society—and certainly constitutional. Believing that practitioners of certain religions are diabolical creatures is ethically vile. But, unless the government is aiding and abetting matters, no constitutional issue is at stake. If someone commits vandalism against your church or synagogue, that is a matter of criminal law; it is not in itself a constitutional matter.

Constitutional liberty is abridged if the government establishes a state church or outlaws religious practices. If the government assisted vandals who were persecuting those of a certain religion, that would be a serious constitutional violation. But individual vandals —as in *Prank*—should be prosecuted as vandals, not as violators of the Bill of Rights.

In listing fiction pertinent to the Second Amendment, Elleman includes no books about protecting people from government infringement on their right to bear arms. Three of the books she lists are *Bambi* books—like *The Hunter and the Animals* (1981)—that attack hunting for sport. Another, *Rifles for Watie* (1957), is about spying during the Civil War, not popular self-defense.

The Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth Amendments protect the rights of individuals accused of crimes by regulating what the government may do to them. Yet Elleman suggests reading Paula Danziger's *Can You Sue Your Parents for Malpractice?* (1979), a novel about a girl whose parents are too busy to pay attention to her. Uncaring parents are a

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problem. But surely not a constitutional problem.

Elleman thinks that reading about the Bill of Rights should root out bad, unprogressive attitudes. In Miriam Cohen's *Laura Leonora's First Amendment* (1990), readers learn that it is fine in junior high school to disobey your parents when they have unscientific views on AIDS. But in Victoria Boutis's *Looking Out* (1988), a twelve-year-old girl comes to understand and respect her parents' devotion to the American Communist party.

Although Elleman's list emphasizes issues fashionable with contemporary welfare-state liberals—AIDS, feminism, labor organizing, animal rights, racism, sex education in public schools, problems of the homeless and the elderly, and the civil rights of Communist party members—this emphasis is not a fatal flaw. Such issues can stir up serious and valuable Bill of Rights debate. The real problem is that Elleman does not know what the Bill of Rights is all about: namely, protecting individuals from government power. She thinks the Bill of Rights is a set of social sentiments rather than a rein on government action. Thus, she generally lists books about correcting people's sentiments rather than books about rights. Even when she lists books about rights, they are seldom the best-written and most memorable available.

In radical contrast to Elleman stands Leonard Wibberley, the author of science-fiction and historical novels for children (but best known for *The Mouse That Roared*). In a 1962 article in *Horn Magazine*, the leading American magazine about children's books, he wrote that the experience of Americans before the Revolution "demonstrated that man needs constant protection from his own government." As Wibberley put it, "There have been many many wars fought to overthrow tyranny. . . . But the Revolutionary War not only sought to overthrow tyranny, it also established certain inalienable rights for people, rights which if established would protect mankind from tyranny in all the centuries ahead." Elleman's book list is eloquent testimony that modern liberals are unsuitable guardians of our most important means of constitutionally securing that protection. □

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An Alternative List of Bill of Rights Children's Books

FIRST AMENDMENT (religion, speech, press, assembly). Geoffrey Trease's *Red Towers of Granada* (1966), his *Wood by Moonlight and Other Stories* (1981), Cornelia Meigs's *Master Simon's Garden* (2nd ed., 1929), and Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper* (1882) show how government-established churches and religious policies oppress dissenters. Trease's *Web of Traitors* (1952) describes threats to free speech in ancient Athens. Lloyd Alexander's *Westmark* (1981) begins with the government closing down a printing shop.

SECOND AMENDMENT (keeping and bearing arms). Well-known children's fiction about revolutionary Massachusetts (Esther Forbes, *Johnny Tremain*, 1943; Howard Fast, *April Morning*, 1961; Nathaniel Benchley, *Sam the Minuteman*, 1969; Robert Lawson, *Mr. Revere and I*, 1953; and Leonard Wibberley, *John Treegate's Musket*, 1959) portrays the fight of the armed populace against the regular British troops.

In this century, the Second Amendment has been a cockpit of controversy. Aficionados of ideological editing should compare the bowdlerized 1949 edition of *Red Planet: A Colony Boy on Mars*, one of Robert A. Heinlein's science-fiction novels for young people, with the full, uncut 1990 edition.

In the uncut edition, one of the characters quotes another as saying that the right to bear arms is "the basis of all freedom." Heinlein's editor at Scribner's insisted that he cut or alter such passages when the book was originally published. Heinlein's complaints about this meddling can be found in his correspondence, published posthumously in *Grumbles from the Grave* (1990).

THIRD AMENDMENT (quartering troops). In Donald Carrick's *Harald and the Giant Knight* (1982), a castle's knights camp on neighboring farmlands, plunder the farms, and use the fields as their peacetime training grounds.

FOURTH AMENDMENT (search and seizure). Meigs's *Master Simon's Garden* describes an incident in which the English government jails a New Englander who refuses to let customs officers search his house for smuggled goods.

FIFTH AMENDMENT (grand juries, double jeopardy, self-incrimination, due process, takings). The Dutch Protestant characters in H. Rider Haggard's *Lysbeth* (1901), set during the Revolt of the Netherlands, face the threat of torture and subsequent self-incrimination.

The Fifth Amendment includes a takings clause ("nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation"). Keith Robertson's *Henry Reed, Inc.* (1958) includes an incident that shows how zoning laws can be used to confiscate property. (According to University of Chicago Law School Professor Richard Epstein, zoning laws should be scrutinized to see if they conform to the Fifth Amendment.)

SIXTH AMENDMENT (criminal proceedings). Charles Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859) and Alexandre Dumas's *The Count of Monte Cristo* (1844-45) are often read by older children and memorably describe unjust criminal proceedings. Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865) has a brilliantly comic portrait of an unjust trial ("Sentence first—verdict afterwards").

EIGHTH AMENDMENT (bail, cruel and unusual punishments). Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper* tells of burning Baptists at the stake, and, in Haggard's *Lysbeth*, a prison official—who is the book's villain—condemns one of the book's important characters to death by starvation. —*WME*

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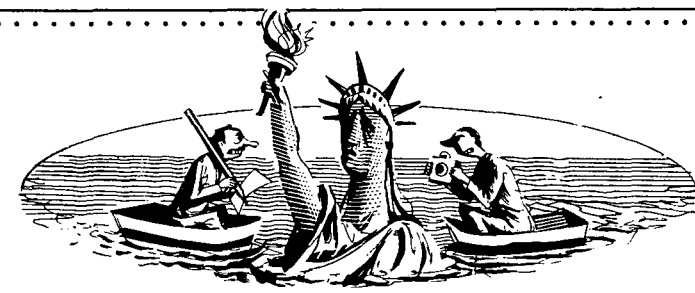

ANONYMOUS CHICKENS

by Terry Eastland

During the amazing week of the "special hearing on a charge of sexual harassment" against Clarence Thomas, the press, for the most part, proved uninterested in writing about the leak that led to that hearing, except dismissively, even condescendingly. Thus, four days after it occurred, Maureen Dowd of the *New York Times* wrote that the interest of some senators in "pinning down the source of the leak" was an "obsession that may have mystified the public a bit." How Dowd could claim to know what "mystified" the public a lot or a bit is not so mystifying; like most others in the mainstream press, she seemed obsessed with turning the charge against Thomas into a national referendum on sexual harassment.

The press has, of course, an occupational disability when it comes to itself —"I don't really want to talk about leaks," a reporter for the *Washington Post* told me. Nonetheless, this leak—but for which Thomas would have been confirmed at least a week earlier—was an absolutely critical part of the confirmation story. The news accounts based on it—supplied to the nation first by *Newsday* and then by National Public Radio on Sunday, October 6—deserve close analysis for what they say about the state of the Senate today as well as the nature of the Beltway press. But for Presswatch, I am bound to say, there would be no leaked-story watch.

The *Newsday* piece, written by Timothy M. Phelps, came first, actually hitting the wires at nine o'clock the night before. Here's the lead: An Oklahoma law professor has recently told the FBI that she was sexually harassed by Thomas while she worked for him at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. Phelps identifies the professor, Anita Hill, about to become Oklahoma's most famous academic, and elucidates her charge as he understands it, which is that "Thomas repeatedly discussed sexual matters with her in a suggestive way." Phelps then tells readers that this comes from "a source who has seen [Hill's] statement to the FBI."

In graph three Phelps has Hill on the record, confirming "that she had told agents she was harassed by Thomas." Phelps does not tell readers what he surely must have known and which became clear later, namely that Hill was reluctant to go public; nor does he indicate how *he* helped her become a confirming source. Nor does he note that what someone like Hill says to the FBI is raw, unprocessed data—the bureau renders no conclusions about such a charge. Done with Hill (who will say no more), he returns (in graph four) to his anonymous source: "He made suggestions to her about what kind of sex she engaged in, asking her in great detail about different forms of sex," the source says, adding that while Thomas implicitly pressured Hill to have sex with him, he never told her explicitly that she would lose her job if she did not.

Phelps seeks an answer from Thomas, who "could not be reached for comment." The White House has no comment, but Phelps does manage to find someone who also worked with Thomas at the EEOC to speak in his defense.

Phelps then locates Sen. Paul Simon, in Nebraska at a college reunion. Simon calls for postponement of the Senate's scheduled vote on Tuesday, pronounces the charge "serious enough" that the Judiciary Committee on which he sits "ought to look at it," and says he and most other members of the committee were unaware of the Hill accusations when they voted on the nomination. "I would say it adds to the credibility concern," Simon tells the reporter, but like Hill, the senator declines, as Phelps puts it, to go into detail. "It's difficult to discuss because I'm not able to discuss the FBI report," Phelps quotes Simon as saying, without letting readers know that the senator is a major Thomas opponent, having voted against the nominee in committee.

Phelps doesn't bother to include comments from a senator who supports Thomas. Instead he finishes his piece by reporting the thoughts of a senator whom he identifies as "an opponent of Thomas who read the report and an accompanying statement by Hill." This source, Phelps writes, "said that because of [the statement's] confidentiality little could be done with the information because she has not come forward publicly."

That "little could be done" was of course untrue, and indeed much already had been done to produce the very story Phelps was writing. The essence of Hill's accusation, made (as Phelps must surely have known) in confidence that it would not be publicized, could be leaked *without her permission* to reporters, who then would seek confirmation from Hill, who would then feel backed into a corner where she just might decide to confirm its existence, even talk about it. In this way, Hill was forced to "come

forward publicly." "I never came to the press," she said at her first press conference. "The press came to me. . . . In fact, I have tried to avoid raising this as a press issue."

Who leaked? To cover the base, I asked Phelps, who of course declined to say. Whoever leaked did not have Thomas's interests in mind—or Hill's. Only a Thomas enemy who "has seen [Hill's] statement to the FBI" could have leaked; I should say "Thomas enemies," because the leak strikes me as a "composite." The contents of the statement may have been passed to the reporters through the special interest groups—People for the American Way and the like. The most likely candidates: Democratic members of the Judiciary Committee, who had access to the statement, and their aides, some of whom had read it.

Simon is a suspect. After all, he was within easy reach, in Nebraska, and most willing to talk. What argues against Simon is that a reporter usually shields his anonymous source throughout a story. Joseph Biden, the committee chairman, is an unlikely suspect; my own reporting persuades me that Biden sought to honor Hill's request for confidentiality. He was furious over the leak. Thomas's most vocal opponents on the committee, Edward Kennedy and Howard Metzenbaum, are, of course, the prime suspects. Senators, it should be noted, have been known to leak confidential information in violation of Senate rules, and with impunity. As discussed here last year ("The Leak That Fizzled," *TAS*, June 1990), in an eerily similar instance at least two senators leaked to NBC's Andrea Mitchell information in an FBI report concerning cocaine use by Timothy Ryan, who was awaiting a full Senate vote on his nomination to head the Office of Thrift Supervision. (Ryan was confirmed, and Sen. John Danforth vainly called for a leak inquiry.) During the special hearing both Metzenbaum and Kennedy denied that they or their staffs leaked. But the evidence points to their offices, to their senior staffers if not them.

For one thing, Kennedy and Metzenbaum aides initiated the contact with Hill in early September, and flew to Oklahoma to encourage her to "come forward" to the Judiciary Committee. For another, I am told that staffers for these two senators dismiss Biden and his subordinates as softies on Republican Supreme Court nominations. For some time now the Democratic side of the Judiciary Committee has been at war with itself, a fact the *Washington Post*'s Al Kamen suggested in a piece on the breakdown of the confirmation process. This is a war between liberals who are constrained by at least some elementary notions of fairness and those who will stop at nothing to defeat a conservative nominee. If it means violating the promise of confidentiality to Anita Hill and that of a fair process to

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Clarence Thomas, if it means violating the Senate and its rules and corrupting judicial confirmation, they will do it—and one of them did.

The chief suspects among the staffers include: Ricki Seidman, a Kennedy aide, who first contacted Hill in early September and who worked until early summer as a lawyer for People for the American Way; and Jim Brudney, a Metzenbaum aide (and classmate of Hill's at the Yale Law School) who also talked with Hill. While their bosses say their offices did not leak, these staffers have yet to speak on the matter. Biden failed to force the issue when he refused to subpoena them during the special hearing.

"The Thomas Charge," as *Newsday* headlined the piece, is a classic in the genre of article that does not simply report news but becomes news. Phelps does not tell readers the story behind his story, which, of course, a reporter cannot do if he wishes to maintain the anonymous source from whom he derives his journalistic authority. Doing so would have required discussion of certain relevant facts, such as that a member can be expelled under Senate rules for leaking confidential information and perhaps prosecuted under federal criminal law. It would also have required Phelps to advise his readers why he, as opposed to some other reporter, was made privy to the leak. The only thing he would tell me is that he had been working on "this story" for "a long time." So, it is clear, had certain Metzenbaum and Kennedy staffers.

The NPR piece differed in an important respect from the *Newsday* story. Nina Totenberg reported more details of Hill's accusation and actually got Hill to talk about Thomas—on the air. Totenberg was able to do so because, unlike Phelps, she had been leaked a copy of Hill's confidential FBI statement.

Liane Hansen, host of "Weekend Edition," noted when Totenberg finished her piece that while she had "asked a lot of questions . . . your report raises a lot more." Queried by Hansen, Totenberg said that Hill had not come to NPR with the story, that Totenberg had heard about it from "a number of sources," and that Hill refused to talk "at all" until "I had obtained a copy of her affidavit." Someone had copied the statement and given it to Totenberg, who of course did not say who. Nor did Totenberg say why she was given the affidavit, although anyone who has followed her career knows that she specializes in scoops of this sort (she and the *Post*'s Kamen broke the story on Douglas Ginsburg's pot smoking, which led to his withdrawal as a nominee for the Supreme Court). Totenberg is a veritable bulletin board —a radio hot line—for those with information and accusations that might tube a Supreme Court nomination.

Totenberg did observe on the air that "anybody can make this kind of an allegation and ruin a career, even if it's not true." More accurately, any anonymous Senate member or staffer can ruin a career (or two). Such, as we know, was the lethal power of this leak. It conclusively demonstrated that the Democrat-controlled Judiciary Committee is not a trustworthy body. Maybe its chairman should have got Hill to come to Washington to testify in closed session, although it is doubtful the Kennedy-Metzenbaum zealots would have restrained themselves and not leaked. The balance of power in the committee now lies with some anonymous chickens. Some members of the press know who they are and how they worked against Thomas. And the public has a right to know who they are. Think of the story there for the reporter brave enough to work it. □

BEN STEIN'S DIARY

ANTIPATHIES

by Benjamin J. Stein

Monday

It's like Wild Kingdom here in Malibu this week. First a scary invasion of ants into every portal of my home. Huge phalanxes of the brown, insistent creatures poured through every window-crack, every doorway, up through my carefully whitewashed floors, torturing me, crawling on my papers, books, English muffins, dog biscuits, and even my beloved diet cream soda. I threw water on them, wiped them away, and finally sprayed Raid on them. They keep coming, and they are still swarming in a few crannies. I keep envisioning the short story, "Leiningen vs. The Ants," about a Brazilian planter whose hacienda is attacked by billions, trillions, zillions of ants. That's me, here in the north end of Malibu. Benjy vs. The Ants. I guess man was never supposed to live here on these ancestral ant mounds. Maybe man wasn't supposed to live in Southern California at all. Maybe man wasn't supposed to live anywhere.

Anyway, then there are spiders attacking my house. Small red ones. Medium-sized transparent ones. Huge black ones with four little white spots on their stomachs. A plumber repairing a faucet (cost: $500 for one evening's work) found a nest of what he called black widows. Frankly, I'd trust them before I'd trust him.

Then there are the fleas on Trixie. They don't seem to bother her, but they're killing me. The bites get worse every day. Fleas. Ants. Spiders. I feel like Lucille Ball. Wahhh.

While I was washing Trixie, my neighbor, F., a brain surgeon from France who is an heir and does not work unless you can call sailing his boat and getting a tan "work," appeared at my door. Just as we were talking, the phone rang.

It was P., my agent. I was wanted for a call-back in the endless struggle to get the part of Meryl Streep's doctor in a movie. This will be my fifth call-back. I sort of think they're playing games with me, but who knows. Maybe I have a chance. I started mentally to go through my part when F. settled himself in my living room and started to talk.

"As a psychiatrist and a foreigner," he said, "I see things that you may not get to see or understand."

"Like what?"

"Well, I noticed that every year when I come here, you Americans are more depressed. You won that Persian Gulf thing hands down, and you watched Communism fall to pieces, and that means you basically won the Cold War, but you people are still depressed, down in the dumps, blue. There's no energy around this town the way there once was."

"We *are* having a bad recession," I said.

"Not that bad from the statistics," he said, with the cool aplomb of the rich discussing the not-rich. "And anyway, I've been here through a far worse recession in 1975, and people were happy, and even in the one in 1981 people seemed cheerful. No, I think it's something else."

"What would that be?" I was eager to get rid of him so that I could rehearse my few lines.

"People get depressed when they are blocked in some basic way. When they are unable to do something or say something that's on their minds. In your case, you Americans have become one of the most repressed, suppressed people on earth regarding what you can and cannot say, and this is depressing you, I believe."

"What, pray, are we not allowed to say?" I asked.

"This isn't a law I'm talking about," F. said. "By law you can still say almost anything. This is what you call political correctness. It's choking you, especially on the subject of race.

"As I hear it and see it, just as a tourist," he went on, "white middle-class and upper-middle-class people in America are furious at a great many blacks. Raging. Because, as they see it, a lot of blacks are making everyone scared, robbing people, killing people, intimidating people, swaggering around, making loud noises from their cars, making white people feel as if their country had been taken over by an alien force. But white people can talk about it only in very private settings. In public discourse, the question of the behavior of blacks simply cannot be mentioned."

"This is almost treason," I said.

"Well, exactly," my French neighbor said. "But you all know it's true, and yet you can't do anything. It's as if a giant truck were rolling towards your house and you couldn't say a

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word about it. You'd feel depressed."

"This is shockingly offensive talk," I said. "I think you had better leave. I have to rehearse anyway."

"Yes," F. said, not leaving, "and then there's the matter of how the whole 'women's movement' is now run entirely by lesbians, and tough, sick ones at that, but no one dares to even mention it in the press. That's depressing as well."

"You really have to leave," I said. "This is really distressing talk. I thought of you as more civilized than you apparently are."

F. left with a cheery wave. How wonderful it must be to be truly rich, I thought, and able to say anything you want, no matter how offensive and obviously untrue.

Tuesday

An audition at Universal, on the back lot, in a bungalow belonging to a very, very successful producer-director named Bob Zemeckis. Bob became rich and famous from his *Back to the Future* movies. I've seen them all and like them. The first one even made me cry with nostalgia.

Anyway, Zemeckis has a nice bungalow, and we actors are all lined up to read our little parts. I sat there and read and re-read my part while waiting to see him. After a few minutes, I started to think in my little brain about quite a few subjects. How come I'm reading for a small part and not the producer of this show? How come I'm not the writer of this show? How come I'm not rich? What have I done to waste my one and only life this way? Is there anywhere on earth that I would ever fit in? Maybe a small town in Canada? Maybe long ago in some remote village in Poland?

I finally got called and read my part. I play an emergency room physician who examines Meryl Streep and finds that she has an extremely odd medical condition. I read my part with a stutter, as written in the script, but could tell I didn't stutter very well. As I left, I knew my chances were slim.

I drove over to my condo and tried to take a nap. I was kept awake by the sounds of a major fight between my next-door neighbors, an Israeli of undetermined occupation and his girlfriend, of undetermined everything. They threw things, yelled and screamed, and generally tormented me with their craziness. How can I sue them? How can I sue the building? How can I sue the ants? How can I sue the producer? Can I find a cabin somewhere far away from everyone, where I can have total peace and quiet but also be available for parts in movies? At a price I can afford?

Just as I got to sleep, I was awakened by a knock on the door. It was W., my beautiful but infuriating red-haired neighbor with multiple sclerosis. "I think it's time for you to change your water," she said without any preamble. "You drink Evian, right?"

"Right," I said.

"Well, it has some impurities. Crystal Geyser has absolutely no impurities, and it's far cheaper. In fact, I think I can say for sure that since I've been drinking my Crystal Geyser, I feel a lot better and those white spots on my brain have shrunk."

"Change my water?"

"Right," W. said. "Change your water, change your life."

Wednesday

A meeting of a twelve-step group that owes its allegiance and its existence to overweight people. I am much less overweight than I used to be, but I thought it would be nice to be thin. People like me more when I'm thin. I like me more, too. My happiest days were when I was really thin. Of course, so were my unhappiest days, but I tend to remember only the happy ones.

As I was walking into the meeting, I ran into a woman psychologist who was recently divorced. She had a lean and hungry look, a sort of Malibu Cassius, only a woman. At least I think she's a woman. Hmmm. She grabbed

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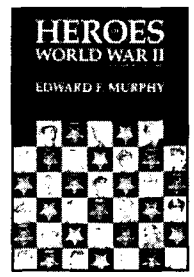

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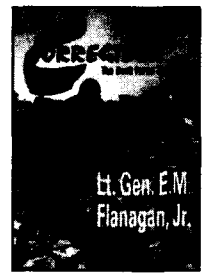

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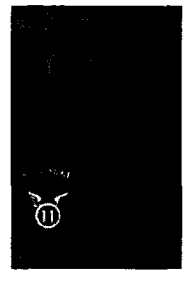

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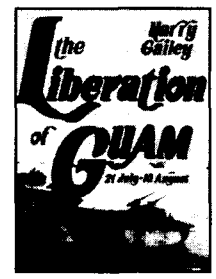

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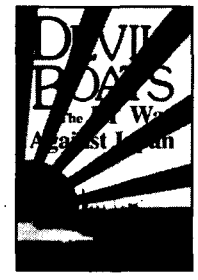

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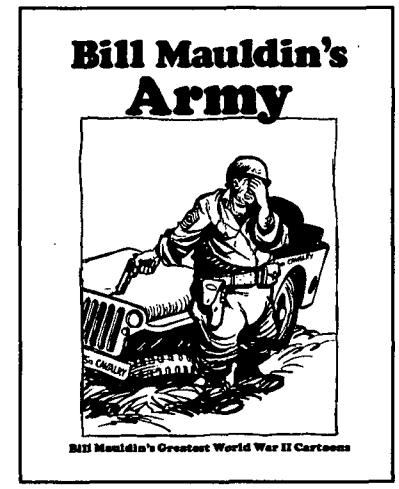

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me and said, "I have to show you my baby." She dragged me over to an ancient BMW and pointed at her hideous dog. Now, I love dogs, and I had never seen a really ugly large dog until that moment. But this one filled the bill. An ugly, snarling, yellow dog. A canine Eleanor Smeal, sort of.

"Give Poopie some smushies," said the psychologist. "Give Poopie some nice wet smushies."

"Well," I said, "I have to go now. I'm late for my meeting of the pro-nuclear power plant club."

In the meeting we all talked solemnly about ourselves and how much attention we had to pay to ourselves and how we had to be good to ourselves and protect ourselves and ask God to protect ourselves and ask everyone else to be interested in ourselves. An Iron Law: those who complain the most about not taking enough care of themselves are taking far too much care already. People who talk endlessly about taking care of themselves and standing up for themselves are like people who wear silver jewelry or long braids: at some secret, satanic rite they have already taken a vow never, under any circumstances, to give a damn about anyone else.

A modestly plump dowager sitting across from me said she was about to go on a six-week painting tour of Europe. "A lot of that time we'll be in Brussels," she said in a somber voice. "And you all know what's on every corner in Brussels." A long beat to let it sink in. "That's right," she said. "Chocolate." Another long beat. "I'll need all of your prayers to God to help me avoid the temptation."

Asking God to help you avoid eating chocolate. We have some real serious problems here in Malibu. I left and went to buy a Three Musketeers bar. □

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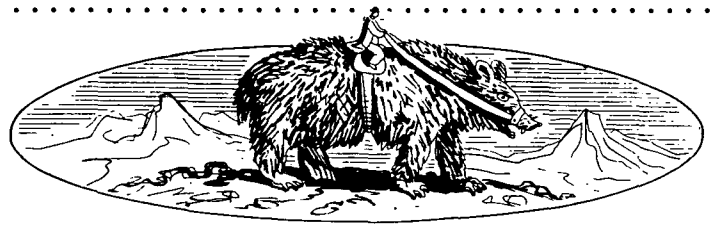

NEW WORLD DISORDER

by Cathy Young

The giddiness set off by the Great August Capitalist Revolution—expressed on the August 27 cover of the weekly *Novoye Vremya* ("New Time") with the picture of a bare-torsoed young man straddling the Dzerzhinsky statue and the caption, "For 73 years, it was *them* on *our* backs"—has run its course. The impeccably anti-Communist Aleksandr Kabakov writes in *Moscow News* (September 22):

> We've got the freedom we waited for. The display windows that used to feature official, insincerely malevolent cartoons of Uncle Sam [and] Zionist murderers now have a cartoon of the Communist Party . . . . It has the same strained malice, the same rubber-stamp wit. . . . Even the public no longer gets a kick out of this freedom.

Already on September 2, *Kommersant* observed: "Strange but true: now that such national clowns as the incarcerated [former Prime Minister] Valentin Pavlov are no longer watching over the public weal, the vacant spots of popular entertainers are being quickly filled by the new heroes of our days." The editors were referring to Boris Yeltsin's imperial gestures (the incautious warning about Ukrainian borders and the announced restoration of Czarist Russia's two-headed eagle, which, said *Kommersant*, "had the repulsive look of Chernobyl broiler chicken"), and the antics of Moscow mayor Gavril Popov, who showed great gusto in attacking political enemies and made televised threats that a secessionist Ukraine should kiss the Crimea and the Black Sea coast good-bye. To top it off, Yeltsin issued a decree giving Popov special powers to fix prices in Moscow. ("Yeltsin Puts Popov in Charge of the Law of Supply and Demand" was the *Kommersant* headline.)

The strange games of the victorious democrats continued in the following weeks. On September 16, Popov chose his ally from the Democratic Russia bloc, Arkady Murashov, for the post of Moscow police chief over General Vyacheslav Komissarov, appointed earlier in the year by the Russian Ministry of the Interior and confirmed by the Moscow City Council (although that appointment had been blocked by late Soviet Interior Minister Boris Pugo). The city council got very upset; by some accounts, Yeltsin personally intervened. Be that as it may, Komissarov took over on September 20, leaving Murashov (who is no stranger to Washington, where he has worked the conservative circuit) a butt of jokes. *Kommersant* quipped that, since Murashov is a thermal physicist, it might have been wiser to make him fire chief.

The newly unshackled media, too, were in a state of chaos. One of the trailblazers of glasnost, Vitaly Korotich of the weekly *Ogonyok*, found himself out of a job; managing editor Lev Gushchin took over as editor-in-chief. Initial reports said that Korotich resigned after being attacked at an editorial meeting for remaining in New York (where he was on a fellowship) during the coup. Gushchin himself had flown back to Moscow from London on August 19, and the current managing editor, V. Yumashev, hastily returned from Dublin. According to *Kommersant* (Sept. 2), Korotich called Gushchin on the 19th, asked how things were going, and promised to call again in a few days. But he never called, and on August 23 was notified of the scheduled editorial meeting. However, instead of Korotich came his resignation by telephone, which was accepted three days later. At the meeting, [Korotich] was hardly badmouthed at all; the strongest word used was "coward."

On returning to Moscow, Korotich told the media that when he spoke to Gushchin from New York, Gushchin advised him not to return. As further evidence of the goodwill among all involved, Korotich visited the magazine's offices and was asked to remain a member of its editorial board. To quell all the talk about his "firing," he gave his version in a column which appeared in the magazine's September 7 issue:

Cathy Young is the author of Growing Up in Moscow *(Ticknor & Fields).*

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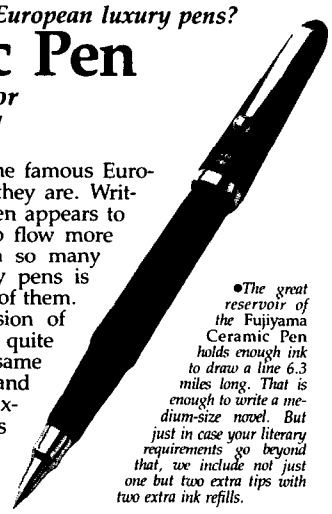

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Today, many people ask why I left the post of editor-in-chief of *Ogonyok*. Some not only ask questions but give answers, further complicating things with speculation. . . . For over five years, I edited a magazine that evolved from an ordinary little party weekly into one of the country's top periodicals. . . . I could go on editing it for many more years. But I could not help seeing that an entire pleiad of new *Ogonyok* people was emerging and it was time for them to take the lead. I would hate to repeat the mistakes of [those] in our government who cling to their seats like moths to a fur coat.

Korotich went on to say that he wanted to concentrate on writing and teaching but would always cherish his relationship with *Ogonyok*.

The parting with the editor-in-chief at another major glasnost-era weekly was far less cordial. At the *Literary Gazette*, Fyodor Burlatsky, a veteran Gorbachev man, was dismissed by the editorial staff (which now owns the paper) for being insufficiently outspoken in opposing the coup. Unlike Korotich, Burlatsky had not been out of the country; he was, of all things, on vacation in the Crimea. The rebels at the *Literary Gazette* charged, in the columns of their newspaper and in media interviews, that Burlatsky had ignored their telephone pleas to return to Moscow. Since the overthrown editor was denied a chance to state his side in the newspaper he headed for a year and a half, the chivalrous *Independent Gazette* provided him with a forum (September 19).

In his lengthy article, entitled "Chronicle of a Mini-Coup," Burlatsky insisted that on August 19, he called the office of the *Literary Gazette* early in the morning. Having learned that the newspaper was banned, he told managing editor Yuri Poroikov that the staff should refuse all collaboration with the new regime and join *Moscow News*, the *Independent Gazette*, and others in publishing "The Common Newspaper" or produce an underground newspaper of their own—instructions that were ignored. Burlatsky further says that he tried to fly back to Moscow but was unable to get plane tickets for an earlier date than August 22 (that being the Soviet Union, it sounds plausible), and that he repeatedly called the office—which he says he has the phone bills to prove—to urge resistance. It was only on the morning of August 21, however, that he dictated to Poroikov a statement condemning the coup.

Burlatsky cites testimony from people who witnessed his behavior in the Crimea and whose letters the mutinous *Literary Gazette* would not publish. He reveals the exciting fact that at the meeting where the decision to dismiss him was made, an editor voting against the resolution flung her shoe at Poroikov, who led the anti-Burlatsky forces.

Meanwhile, the new head of Central TV, Yegor Yakovlev (formerly of *Moscow News*) came up with the idea of a two-week competition, from September 2 to September 15, between the old *Vremya* team (now the Information Programs Studio) and the staffers of Russian TV and Television News Service (TSN) to see who could produce the better evening news show. The winner, to be determined by audience surveys, was to get the permanent *Vremya* slot on October 1. By September 15, however, Yakovlev thought the old *Vremya* was the clear winner and called up studio head Olvar Kakuchaya to congratulate him. Later that night, he was shocked to see that Kakuchaya's Sunday night program contained a segment, taped before the phone call, that was sharply critical of the very idea of the news-team contest. According to *Kommersant*, Yakovlev saw this as "betrayal and use of airwaves for private purposes," and told the apparent winner to look for a new job. The teams for the next two nights' broadcasts were hastily put together and even included radio people; on September 18, *Vremya* staffers met with Yakovlev to stand up for their chief and knock the idea of the contest. On the next day, Yakovlev, "as if nothing had happened," asked Kakuchaya to stay on the job. The contest was shelved. (Former *Vremya* anchor Vladimir Molchanov told *Kommersant* that viewers were more sympathetic to TSN but that *Vremya* was more professional.)

And in a September 23 editorial, the *Independent Gazette*'s Vitaly Tretyakov voiced his alarm at the state of the Fourth Estate. He cited the new "Club of Editors-in-Chief," whose first meeting was held September 17 at the offices of *Izvestia*: Gorbachev was the guest, flanked by Yakovlev, *Izvestia*'s Igor Golembiovsky, and Vitaly Ignatenko of TASS, with current *Moscow News* chief editor Len Karpinsky, *Trud*'s A. Potapov, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*'s V. Fronin, and Natalya Fomina of St. Petersburg's *Chas Pik* seated at a more reverent distance. All the newspapers represented, Tretyakov notes, were—at least originally—official Soviet organs; not one Russian Republic paper was there, and not one of the papers independently founded over the last two years. And where, he asks, was Sergei Korzun of *Moscow Echo*, "the only free radio station in Moscow during the coup"?

Tretyakov hastens to admit (which might shock American liberals) that people have the right to form any club they please and to admit or not to admit anyone. He points out, though, that it's a little different when the club is not just a private group like any other but has its meetings broadcast on state TV and is the only forum where the Soviet president meets with journalists: "The 'Club of Editors-in-Chief' becomes a 'Club of the New Nomenklatura of the Fourth Estate.' This nomenklatura knows exactly what questions to ask the President; moreover, it is somehow just too amicable."

While Tretyakov accuses the establishment media of being too cozy with Gorbachev, his own newspaper has come under fire for being too tough on Yeltsin, after publishing some fairly harsh articles that criticized Yeltsin's high-handedness and his apparent stand on republic borders. In a commentary entitled "Now It's Really Scary" (September 3), Vladimir Kovalenko, a recent defender of the Russian White House, wrote:

> Does Boris Yeltsin understand what he is doing? . . . Yeltsin's decision means war, the most terrible of wars—war stemming from ethnic hostilities. . . . Has he learned nothing from the Armenian-Azerbaijani conflict? Or from the events in Yugoslavia?

An avalanche of letters followed. One I. Solovyova, a scientist, wrote:

> For over a year, I have tried to buy your newspaper. I was even going to subscribe . . . [Kovalenko's] article insults Russia and the President of Russia. . . . I assure you I'll never buy a single copy of your paper again. P.S.: If it hadn't been for Yeltsin, you would have been out of work at best, and dead at worst.

Wrote another reader, "Please explain (preferably on the front page) why your newspaper hates Russia so much. . . . My family was going to subscribe, expensive though it is, but now we won't even buy it at the newsstand." (A front-page explanation followed—an editorial in which Tretyakov explained that the *Independent Gazette* was not "anti-Yeltsin" but pro-democracy and anti-unanimity.) This reaction may be seen by some as evidence that the Russians aren't ready for pluralism after all. On the other hand, a mere three or four years ago, responses to offensive articles often contained a postscript stating that a copy of the letter was going to the KGB. Instead of such threats we now have some variation on "cancel my subscription," which is clearly a sign of growing civility. □

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CHARLIE HALLECK'S CAPITOL CLINIC

by James Peter Carroll

Along a drab basement corridor in the U.S. Capitol, near the foot of the stone stairway used as a fire escape by the Brits who torched the place in 1814, is an unmarked door that for years opened into the Clinic, an establishment devoted to maintaining the blood alcohol level of carefully selected members of the House of Representatives. The Clinic's proprietor was Charles Abraham Halleck, the combative Indiana congressman who, during a thirty-four-year House career that ended with retirement in 1968, never succumbed to the modernist heresy that booze interferes with brain function. Charlie had a W. C. Fields nose, a voice you could use to grate nutmeg, and a memory that kept a detailed record of every vote cast on every issue by every House member.

During many of his years in Congress, Charlie was one of the most powerful figures in Washington. But if he is remembered at all these days, it is for intoning a raspy counterpoint to the dark melodies that rolled past the tonsils of Senate Republican leader Everett McKinley Dirksen. Their joint news conferences, known universally as "The Ev and Charlie Show," were wonderful blends of unalloyed partisanship, disarming candor, and shameless overstatement, all cheerfully dispensed.

Unlike the Kens and Barbies of today's Congress, Charlie Halleck never tried to conceal his wrinkles, his convictions, or his party identification. He numbered dozens of Democrats among his dear friends but wouldn't have wanted his daughter, or anyone else's daughter, to marry one. To Charlie, Republican politics was an all-consuming contact sport with rules elastic enough to fit both the political requirements of the moment and the idiosyncratic preferences of a wide range of Republican officeholders and candidates. He was far more interested in winning legislative and electoral battles than in the finer nuances of ideology. He believed winning depended on teamwork, and his Clinic was a locker room where team players were rewarded and errant freelancers allowed to repent and pledge renewed allegiance to Charlie's sacred Republican playbook.

Charlie liked to talk about the Clinic as a torture chamber straight out of fifteenth-century Toledo. He claimed to delight in "twisting the bastard's arm." But in truth, Charlie was more Toots Shor than Torquemada, a generous host who was never comfortable when a guest's glass was empty. Sometimes Charlie himself was the bartender, pouring healthy quantities of bourbon or sharing his personal favorite, Grant's Stand Fast Scotch. When the Grant's bottle was close to empty and no replacement could be located in the government-issue file cabinets that lined the Clinic's walls, Charlie would demand action from his legislative assistant Bob Allett. Allett would use the telephone to call in reinforcements, which would arrive in a few minutes, concealed in accordion-style manila folders.

During one of my Clinic visits, the delivery was made by the chauffeur who normally piloted Charlie's long black Cadillac, a vehicle that went with his job as House minority leader. The chauffeur knocked softly on the Clinic door, waited patiently while Allett opened the blackout curtains that kept the curious from peering into the room, and strode triumphantly up to Charlie. Flashing a smile and brandishing the bulging folder like a trophy of war, the chauffeur declared, "Dispatch for you, Mr. Halleck," and, to Charlie's visible delight, pulled into view two full-quart bottles.

If you didn't drink Scotch or bourbon, you might be able to walk out of the Clinic in reasonably good health. But if Charlie knew in advance that you were a beer drinker or if—like Jerry Ford, who in 1965 defeated Charlie for minority leader—you preferred a gin martini straight up, Charlie would see to it that your favorite form of liver punishment was available. No one ever asked Charlie to lay in a case of chablis, which wasn't even trendy at the time and, besides, would have looked out of place in the ample highball glasses embossed "THE CLINIC." My memory—perhaps a victim of post-Clinic stress syndrome—has no recollection of Charlie offering food of any kind. But considering the obvious genuineness of his hospitality, I have trouble believing that he did not serve an occasional bowl of Indiana-grown popcorn or a sack of Pennsylvania pretzels.

I do remember that Charlie never restricted the Clinic's discussion to legislative matters. Once I listened over my Scotch-with-a-splash as Charlie called the White House to apologize for having to cancel a golf date with Ike at Burning Tree. A friend of Charlie's had been killed in an automobile accident back home in Rensselaer and Charlie felt attending the funeral was an obligation far more important than playing a round with the Supreme-Commander-turned-President. On another occasion, Charlie had Bob Allett call the Interior Department to make sure a suitable elk would be available when Charlie went hunting on public lands in Wyoming. Bob hung up only after he was convinced that a bull elk with suicidal tendencies would appear in front of Charlie's hunting party on the scheduled date. But Charlie wasn't satisfied. "Call 'em back," he said, "and see if they can find an orphanage where we can donate the meat."

In the fall of 1962, doves replaced elk on the Clinic's discussion menu. Charlie was arrested in North Carolina by game wardens who charged that he had violated the law by hunting on a field baited with grain. Charlie pleaded innocent. He said he'd had no idea the doves had been lured into the range of his shotgun through the distribution of avian hors d'oeuvres, and the federal magistrate accepted Charlie's explanation. The acquittal wasn't the least bit surprising because news of Charlie's arrest had provoked his colleagues, Repub-

James Peter Carroll is a writer based in South Bend, Indiana.

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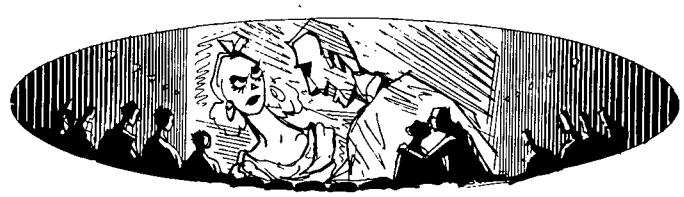
licans and Democrats alike, to circle their wagons. Majority leader Carl Albert (D-Okla.) said, "All members of the House concur that the distinguished Minority Leader did not intentionally violate the law." Such behavior would be unthinkable because, as Albert put it, Charlie "is not only one of the most distinguished members of the House, he is a gentleman of the first order and one of the most honorable men I have ever known."

Charlie's word was as good as his Scotch. He kept his promises to Republicans and Democrats—including those promises made in the amnesia-inducing atmosphere of the Clinic. When a colleague recanted a vow of cooperation, Charlie was more sorrowful than irate. Until the day he died in 1986, he carried with him a bitterness at having been denied the 1948 Republican vice-presidential nomination by Thomas E. Dewey. Charlie had twisted a lot of bastards' arms to get Dewey nominated, but, when the time came to pick a running mate, Dewey broke his promise to Charlie, in favor of Earl Warren. In November, of course, the Dewey-Warren ticket was dumped by Harry Truman, a Missouri politician who had much in common with Charlie. As a senator and as vice president, Truman knew his way around the Capitol's hideaways. He was in the Democratic counterpart of the Clinic, House Speaker Sam Rayburn's Board of Education, sipping bourbon-and-branch, when he was summoned to the White House and told that Franklin Roosevelt was dead.

Both the Board of Education and the Clinic have gone out of business. But even in this age of breast-thumping sobriety, puke-provoking hypocrisy, and media-enforced morality, similar sanctuaries of power and conviviality undoubtedly continue to flourish in the Capitol's hidden recesses. And Charlie Halleck, wherever he is, is drinking to their success. □

THE TALKIES



URANIANS

by James Bowman

A few years ago in England there was something called a "Martian school" of poetry. It took its name from Craig Raine's poem, "A Martian Sends a Postcard Home," whose idea was to describe the familiar as if it were being seen for the first time. Hence Raine's description of a telephone:

> In homes, a haunted apparatus sleeps, that snores when you pick it up.
>
> If the ghost cries, they carry it to their lips and soothe it to sleep
>
> with sounds. And yet they wake it up deliberately, by tickling with a finger.

Clever. But too often it is nothing more—a cut-rate version of the shock of recognition that great art gives us with more power and less contriving. Still, at least it aims to produce a kind of artistic experience. If you wanted to be charitable you could say the same about two of the movies' favorite methods of making it new: aliens and amnesiacs.

What is striking is how little use they seem to make of such contrivances. In *Suburban Commando*, for instance, it was a potentially interesting idea to cast Hulk Hogan, an obvious caveman type, as the supposedly sophisticated alien life form. But the high-tech warrior with his redundant muscles has really nothing to do but beat up a couple of other intergalactic plug-uglies. Alienness comes down to a temporary puzzlement over car alarms and skateboards.

Here the script is so lame and the acting of Mr. Hogan so awful that I wondered if this was part of the alien effect: nothing in the movie looked genuinely human. In general, bad acting can provide a homey artificiality as counterpoint to the exotic artificiality of technological romance.

We see the same thing again in John McNaughton's *The Borrower*, wherein giant bugs from outer space look like Laurence Olivier compared to the human creatures, among whom one of the bugs, a convict transported for his crimes to our own "savage and primitive planet," is condemned to live. Placed inside a humanoid body whose head has an alarming tendency to explode, he must borrow other people's heads, much to the other people's dismay, every time this happens.

Apart from being a creative casting device—since the same character is played by a succession of different actors, each with a jagged ring-around-the-collar where his head is supposed to have been stuck on—this implies your basic Hollywood Cartesianism. By that I mean that Descartes's soul/body dualism—the famous "ghost in a machine"—is a useful assumption for horror and sci-fi yarn-spinners. Even Craig Raine cracks a subtle if not very funny joke about it by making the machine a telephone. More traditional Martian artists, like the authors of "Star Trek," make their anthropoid machines as bizarre as possible while the ghosts talk and act like late-twentieth-century Americans. Thus the evil space-bug in *The Borrower*, for all its interchangeable heads, is just a classic cinematic bad guy. By the end, when it assumes the head of a vicious rapist, its extraterrestrial provenance seems almost incidental.

Yet a lot of the film is interesting because of the Martian humor of this grotesque creature with the Frankenstein walk trying to act like a human being. Of course it fails, because it doesn't see the world as the rest of us do. At one point, the second incarnation of the monster (Tom Towles) sits in a soup kitchen full of tramps when one of them drops a dead mouse in his soup. Not knowing any better, he crunches it down without missing a bite. All the way

James Bowman, the American editor of the Times Literary Supplement, *is* The American Spectator*'s movie critic.*

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through, such jokes act as flares to make the shadows of classic horror-film evil—insidious, deceptive, violent, unstoppable, and possessing its unwilling victims—more grotesque and absurd.

More commonly in our sentimental age, however, Martian techniques are used to remind jaded folk what a wonderful world it is. *Late for Dinner* has its heroes frozen by a doctor of cryogenics called Dr. Chilblains in 1962. When they come back in 1991, there is little exploitation of the device's potential for seeing anew. One or two jokes about how prices have gone up and how the pop music on the radio must have been set at the wrong speed are about it. Instead there is a love story—about how the still-young husband still loves his now-aged wife.

A pretty story. But you can't help thinking that a chance has been missed. There is one great line, however: "The only reason for time is so that everything doesn't happen all at once, Willie." Take that, Dr. Einstein!

Last summer's hit, *Regarding Henry*, used the more conventional Martian technique of amnesia to give Harrison Ford a fresh pair of eyes with which to look at the world—alas, to nothing more than a sentimental end. I thought at first that Wolfgang Petersen's *Shattered* was up to the same thing until a stunning reversal at the end taught the hero that the former life he was still in the process of rediscovering was not so wonderful after all. The strangeness of the familiar can be terrifying as well as uplifting. I can't tell you much about this film if I am not to give away the secret of its climax. It is so completely plot-driven that the suspense is almost all it has. But if you like this sort of thing, this, as they say, is the sort of thing you will like.

Suffice it to say that someone someone thought he knew turned out not to be that someone at all, but someone else. Times two. The same thing happens in Damian Harris's *Deceived*, in which Goldie Hawn's nice husband (John Heard) turns out to be a murderer and a crook who has assumed the identity of a dead schoolmate. He goes gunning for Goldie when she discovers his secret. The central premise is not very convincing. Why would someone go to such trouble to pretend to be someone else only to invent a third identity when he decided, for reasons that are altogether obscure, to turn crooked? But it is good to be reminded that looking at familiar things with fresh eyes is not only educative and uplifting but a symptom of paranoia. Don't worry, wives: your husbands are probably *not* murderous bigamists with links to international art-theft and forgery rings.

Mary Agnes Donoghue wrote the screenplay for *Deceived* as well as for *Paradise*, which she also directed. In both *Paradise* and the Terence McNally/Garry Marshall film *Frankie and Johnnie* the fresh start, the revitalization of a tired old world, is so sticky-sweet that I cannot digest it, I am afraid. In the former, a cute kid reunites a couple driven apart by grief for a dead son. And, just to add to the heart-warming quality of Don Johnson and Melanie Griffith's final clinch in the rain, there is *another* cute kid, her funny-waitress mama, a scary neighbor lady who turns out to be nice, and A Message, hammered home again and again, about how you have to confront your fears. Come to think of it, that's Hulk Hogan's Message too. Why go to church when you have the movies?

Frankie and Johnnie is less saccharine but quite as preachy and much more PC. A homosexual couple are there to show that gays are more successful at "relationships" than most of the heteros in the film and the ugly specter of domestic violence is raised on several occasions as a way of explaining why. Women are abused by men and so "relationships" don't form and so there are a lot of lonely people out there. I suppose we should be grateful that Al Pacino is allowed to coax Michelle Pfeiffer out of "that secret place" inside herself "where no one can find you," but it all looks a little too easy to me. We spend our lives, says Al, the Hollywood Cartesian, "trapped inside this body without bumping into people trapped inside other bodies; we've gotta connect."

Easier said than done. Our body-machines are not just vehicles for ghosts that flit from one to another by means of futuristic technology, the black arts or even love. If it is desirable to "connect" there is a lot more that prevents it than sad or painful memories. Or so we discover in the film of the month, Claude Berri's *Uranus*. A stunningly impressive look at France in 1945, just after the German occupation, it shows us a world where suspicion, mistrust, vengefulness, betrayal, and hypocrisy are inescapable—the stuff of everyday life for ordinary people, who are isolated and divided from each other by their fear.

Archambaud (Jean-Pierre Marielle), and his family share their house with a schoolmaster and a Communist (Michel Blanc) and his family. The Communists are in the political ascendancy and ruthlessly hunting down and executing former collaborators with the Nazi regime. They are especially eager to find Maxime Loin (Gerard Desarthe), a journalist and editor of a pro-German newspaper, who turns up on Archambaud's doorstep, asking him for a place to hide. Archambaud, in spite of the danger to himself and his family from the Communist on the premises and his own innate cynicism ("The only thing that counts in life," he tells his daughter, "is money"), agrees to hide him.

For a while the deception is successful, partly because suspicion is diverted towards Leopold the tavern-keeper, who himself had engaged in some shady dealings with the Germans. He, however, hasn't the wit or the hypocrisy to conceal it—or his loathing for the Communists. Because the school has been bombed, the schoolmaster, Monsieur Watrin, conducts his lessons in the tavern, and the uneducated Leopold listens in, enthralled by another new world—that of poetry, which is opened up to him by his first taste of Racine. He begins to fancy himself a poet and composes execrable but at the same time delightfully wacky alexandrines.

The acting in this picture, especially that of Philippe Noiret as Watrin and Gerard Depardieu as Leopold, is overwhelmingly good. Leopold's refusal to compromise and dissemble dooms him in this milieu. Though he is finally done in by a temporary alliance between the Communists and an ex-collaborator whose money has kept him out of trouble, he stands for a rough honesty and decency and hope in the midst of all-but-universal corruption and cowardice. Archambaud's wife betrays him with Maxime Loin, while the live-in Communist finally discovers Loin only because of his attempt to seduce Archambaud's daughter. When the town's prisoners of war return from Germany, one of them is picked out and beaten up for collaborating and none of his friends tries to help him.

Everyone is afraid. No one trusts anyone else. Only Watrin somehow remains above it all, gifted with "benevolent indifference" to the fears and suspicions of the rest of the town. In the single most riveting performance of the film, he tells the story of how he had been reading about the planet Uranus, that dark and icy star hurtling into the void, at 11:15 on the night when the bomb fell that destroyed his house and also killed his wife in the arms of her lover. Now, every night at 11:15 he feels upon his heart the terrible weight of Uranus, a "cosmic anguish." Morning liberates him with a sense of rebirth into the earth, a planet full of flowers and rivers and people. How beautiful it is! He feels like the first man in the first garden.

From such a distance he sees that nothing in man is evil. Human wars, concentration camps, and justice alike are just "pranks." *The New York Times* critic calls him "irresponsibly naive" for this, but she misses the point. Watrin is like Chaucer's Troilus, who, at the end of the greatest narrative poem in the language, ascends to the eighth sphere (approximately the site of present-day Uranus) and laughs at "This litel spot of erthe, that with the sea embraced is." It is only such a perspective beyond the Martian—Uranian, in fact—and not simple moral nostrums that allows us the balm of comfort for the pain of our own futility and powerlessness. □

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BOOK REVIEWS

GOETHE: THE POET AND THE AGE
VOL. I: THE POETRY OF DESIRE (1749-1790)

Nicholas Boyle/Oxford University Press/807 pp. $37.50

Algis Valiunas

Poet, dramatist, novelist, autobiographer, painter, physicist, botanist, geologist, zoologist, statesman: the man who was all these things was arguably the greatest man of modern times, and that man was Goethe. Although James Joyce placed him among the heroic trio of Daunty, Gouty, and Shopkeeper, he is nevertheless little read in English-speaking countries, as W. H. Auden pointed out. Auden found Goethe's poetic repertoire of styles and tones so fine that the poetry could not adequately be translated. As for the other works, they are daunting in their own ways.

The first volume of Nicholas Boyle's new critical biography is unlikely to win many new readers for Goethe or, for that matter, Boyle's second volume. It saddens one to make that judgment, for Boyle is clearly a man of significant learning and intelligence, and the book is not quite worthy of him. Formidably academic in style, presentation, and voluminousness—Boyle is a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge—this biography is full of sentences eighty words long, in which the words themselves are eight words long, and the enterprise amounts to professorial palaver so swank that the ordinary reader wonders forlornly what's in it for him. Here is what two sentences only forty words each can do:

> The Christ whom the Newtonians recrucified was the pureness and simplicity of white light as it manifests itself to any observer, but above all to this one—the integrity and reliability therefore of the individual's perceptions, of his sense of his own being, and of this intimacy with the world he perceives. Goethe could no longer live a symbolic life, with himself as the reinterpreted Christ-figure at its center, but he had discovered, in a moment of insight, how to transfer that pattern to the world of scientific activity, with the role of the suffering Son given to the observing consciousness that comes innocent into the world, and to the pure light that enlightens it.

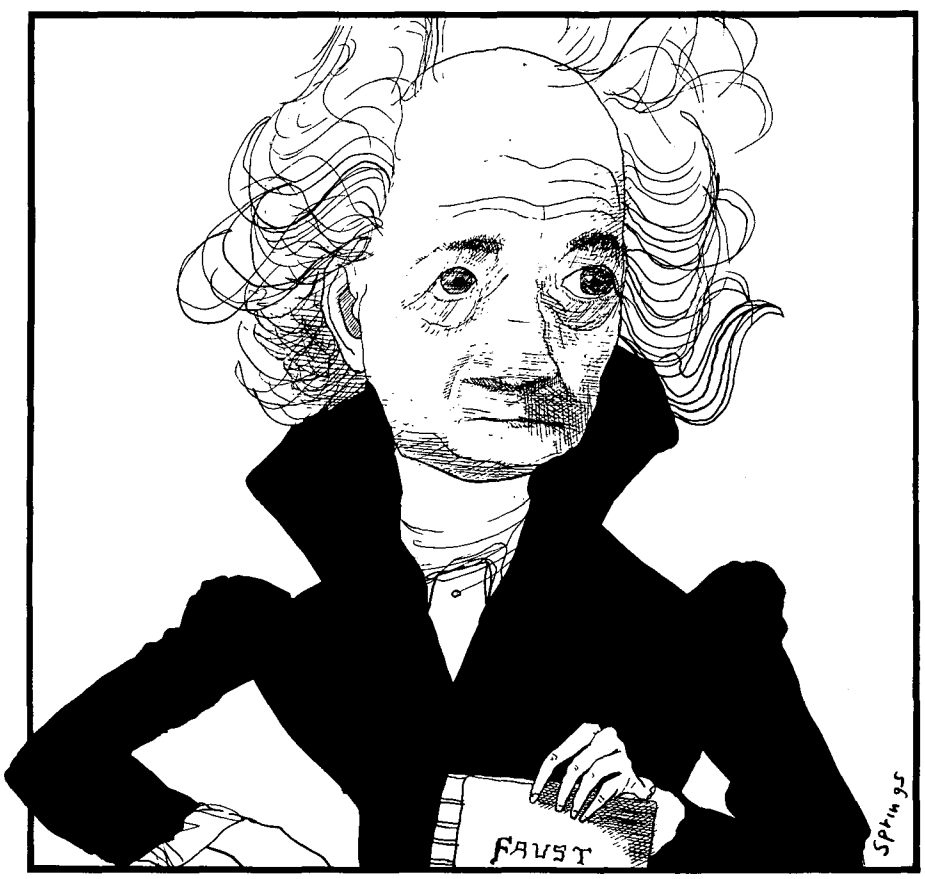
This passage is by way of pursuing Boyle's ubiquitous critical preoccupation: Goethe's veerings between subjective and objective perception. Boyle examines many poems, and several plays and novels, ultimately to pronounce them subjective or objective or something in between. The professor's obsessions elbow aside Goethe's own thoughts and passions. "Where *Werther* is the tragedy of official Sentimentalism, the *Urfaust* is the tragedy of the collapse of the Storm and Stress historicist and realist opposition." The smart money would bet the ranch that Goethe had something else in mind with the *Urfaust*.

Algis Valiunas is a writer living in Chicago.

Fortunately, there is a biography of Goethe that better suits the non-academic reader: *The Life of Goethe* (1855) by George Henry Lewes, who was George Eliot's lover and London's leading journalist of the time. (Unfortunately, the book has been out of print since 1965.) Rich in anecdote and substantial of thought, Lewes's *Life* is a masterly biography, and a strong antidote to the excessive academicism of Nicholas Boyle.

Of the child Goethe, who displayed an early affinity for the un-Christian, Lewes writes that he was "a vigorous logician who thinks for himself—so independent, that at six years of age he doubts the beneficence of the Creator; at seven, doubts the competence and justice of the world's judgment." Undogmatic and eager to familiarize himself with the various types of men, Goethe at the University of Leipzig befriended a devout and earnest Christian who belonged to a peculiar cult, and who was shunned for his allegiance: "Goethe was eminently qualified to become the friend of one who held opposite convictions to his own, for his tolerance was large and genuine, and he respected every real conviction."

Goethe's youth was not irredeemably serious, however. He demanded that his mother put out three suits of clothing for him every morning, so that he'd have a proper choice of gear. Boyle writes, "He dressed extravagantly, conversed annihilatingly, took a leading part in the traditional uproar before lectures, frequented dubious taverns, and paid court to an (unidentified) society woman of easy virtue." He took horseback riding and fencing lessons; skated the day long, inspired by Klopstock's poetry; and played the violoncello.



Goethe devoted much of his youth to falling in love. First, when he was 14, there was Gretchen, an innkeeper's daughter; the romance crumbled when they were falsely implicated in forgery along with some of the inn's genuinely criminal patrons. Next, at 17, was Annchen Schönkopf, again an innkeeper's daughter; they kept each other amused with amateur theatricals, in which they played the lovers. Third, at 21, was Friederike Brion, a clergyman's daughter of sixteen, whom he loved and left. Then at 23 there was Charlotte Buff, a girl of 16 betrothed for two years to Kestner, a young diplomat. Goethe pursued her in spite of this insuperable obstacle. Lewes writes of this impassioned chase, "Love in the profound, absorbing sense it was not. It was an *imaginative passion*, in which the poet was more implicated than the man."

The poet certainly put this passion to good use; *The Sorrows of Young Werther* (1774), which made him a European celebrity, retails the pain of a young man who, having failed to establish some abiding spiritual connection to the world, lurches wildly into love with a woman, Charlotte, who is engaged to a stolid, decent man. The themes of the novel include the romantic sufferer who lacks means to render the perceptions with which his soul teems; the cultivation of the soul's tendency to extremity; the strictures of ordinary life that inhibit the free flow of extravagant feeling; the extravagance of soul that sometimes finds itself longing for constraints; the dangers of solitude; how the Enlightenment's leveling of intellects drives the man who is, or would be, superior, to cultivate his private passions. The success of *Werther* would have left a lesser man with a permanent swagger. Napoleon claimed to have read it seven times. Chinese porcelain-makers turned out commissions for china embossed with scenes from the novel. It was the first book read by Frankenstein's monster, and remained his favorite, poor thing. And the lovelorn in their abundance killed themselves after their master's example.

A year after *Werther's* publication, Goethe was eager for a change from Frankfurt, and accepted the invitation of the Duke of Weimar to spend a few weeks with him. Goethe was to spend the rest of his life there, with a few inter-

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ruptions. He became the third member of the Privy Council, and earned the privilege of dining at the Prince's Table. By 1779 he was head of the War Department, and organized a Fire Department as well. On his thirtieth birthday he was made *Geheimrath*, the highest position attainable by a German citizen.

"A woman of the *beau monde* . . . told me that Goethe was the most handsome, most lively, most natural, most fiery, most stormy, most gentle, most seductive and for the *heart* of a woman the most *dangerous* man she had seen in her life." So a society doctor had admonished Frau Charlotte von Stein, who nevertheless yielded her heart, if nothing more, to the madly importunate Goethe. One thousand eight hundred letters and notes remain from the romantic friendship. He wrote poems to her; he gave her English lessons; he sent her the first asparagus from his garden; they read Aeschylus and Spinoza together. Passionate chastity remained their watchword. Never did they stray into adultery. Goethe came to regard their relation as a marriage rather than a romance. He even took one of her sons into his house and tutored him for three years.

Yet Goethe gave her no warning when he cleared out for Italy in 1786. "Paris shall be my school. Rome my university," he had declared while a student at Strasbourg. Rome was the city that held the essentials of Life; its high mystery had always drawn him, and, without telling a soul, he headed off under an assumed name. He made the acquaintance of several German artists there, and worked hard to develop his skills as a painter. He studied the paintings and sculpture with which the city abounded. He finished plays that had languished in his desk for years, *Iphigenia* and *Egmont*. Auden wrote of his activity, "And he does all this in the midst of social life, sightseeing, collecting coins, gems, minerals, plaster casts, taking drawing lessons, attending lectures on perspective and making botanical experiments." Also, as the *Roman Elegies* suggest, he enjoyed his sexual initiation during Carnival with the lovely Faustina Antonini, a 24-year-old widow; and an innkeeper's daughter. While having the time of his life, Goethe transformed his new experience and understanding into art. In *Italian Journey* he wrote, "Everything will in the end be condensed and summed up in *Wilhelm Meister*."

A contemporary critic observed that the three main events of the time were the French Revolution, Fichte's *Critique of All Revelation*, and *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. The *Apprenticeship* was the masterpiece of Goethe's youth and prime, just as *Faust* was of his old age (although he had written much of *Faust* as a young man). *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* is the quintessential romance of modernity, or more precisely of a modernity that is still in its youth. It is the story of a young man of common origins who hopes to live an uncommon life, a noble one, but who must make such a life for himself without any sure idea of what his own nature is or of what nobility might consist in. Goethe openly acknowledged his debt to the chivalric romances of earlier times; in fact the chief inspiration of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* is, for all its backward glances at antiquated forms of sublimity, undeniably modern. It is the romance of self-discovery, self-development, self-fulfillment. By the eighteenth century, a young man who sets off on a noble quest cannot hope to find anything so ablaze with the numinous as Christ's serving-dish or a holy city in need of deliverance. If it is the marvelous he seeks, he must settle for whatever trace of it he might discern in his own nature, or in the natures of those he meets: his hope is to find what he is made of, and to find love, work, and friendship that are worthy of the best in him. As Wilhelm remarks, though only to himself, at one sad point in his seeking:

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. . . and what can move us but some silent hope that the inborn inclination of our soul shall not always be without an object? The recital of a noble action moves us; the sight of everything harmonious moves us; we feel then as if we were not altogether in a foreign land; we fancy we are nearer the home, towards which our best and inmost wishes impatiently strive.

There is a tendency among those modern writers who examine our best wishes, and who are still willing to recognize them as the best, to insist that such wishes will find no earthly object, that the things the searching soul hopes to find can be found only in the soul itself, that sublimity is to be enjoyed strictly in solitude: this is the strain of magnificent loneliness that runs from Cervantes through Rousseau and on to Joyce. The more superbly appointed one's own interior happens to be, the less likely one is to find suitable accommodation elsewhere. Rousseau describes this affliction in *The Confessions*, sadly and concisely: ". . . seeing nothing that existed worthy of my exalted feelings, I fostered them in an ideal world which my creative imagination soon peopled with beings after my own heart."

To Goethe, such solitary ardors seem fever-stricken. There is a rare hopefulness to the story of Wilhelm Meister, a joyous worldliness that confirms the young seeker in his confidence that what he aches to have is out there, somewhere, to be found. Wilhelm Meister takes the long way around to the happy fulfillment of his destiny; the determined misdirection of the course he takes has something both horrible and pitiably ludicrous about it, like the wandering path of a man who is lost in the wilderness but somehow has a suspicion that there is a fine hotel in the vicinity. The joy of his eventual arrival makes the trouble of getting there seem not an undue price to pay, but one cannot help wishing nevertheless that someone had found him earlier, aimed him in the right direction, and given him a kick in the pants to speed him on his way.

One's true regret, of course, is that no messianic bellhop or other agent of fate has arrived to direct oneself to salvation, where one can bask in the warmth of *amor fati* and recollect without sorrow the past's tortuous ways. Such regret, or hopefulness, Goethe teaches—for the sake of those who've failed to learn as much elsewhere as in books—is a sign of bad character and a virtual assurance that one is fated to continue in his feckless search. Such teaching, Goethe also reminds us, is as much as one can justly hope to find in books, for the story of another man's search for happiness might help one see that he happens to be lost himself—and that is a momentous discovery—but such a story cannot show a reader the course that he must take. Each man's fate is his own to understand and to decide, and finding one's way through life is a serious business for serious men, more demanding than even the devout legions of the cult of self-development are inclined to suspect. Lifestyle swamis abound, and multitudes proclaim the glory of feeling good about themselves. It is even harder now than it was in Goethe's own shabby time to find a man with the strength to be true. Yet no one now reads Goethe, who offers those who desire such strength as much of it as one can find in any other man's imagined life. □

THE IMPOSSIBLE H. L. MENCKEN: A SELECTION OF HIS BEST NEWSPAPER STORIES

Edited by Marion Elizabeth Rodgers/Doubleday/707 pp. $27.50

Joe Mysak

He died thirty-five years ago, but Henry Mencken is always with us. Last year a "Quotable Mencken" and the *Diary*; this year a fine, fat collection of his previously uncollected newspaper work; next year or the year after, two recently opened manuscripts on his life as an editor, author, and newspaperman—more than a million words' worth. Marion Elizabeth Rodgers, author of the 1987 *Mencken and Sara: A Life in Letters* and an unreconstructed fan, quotes this magazine's patron saint: "I am at my best in articles, written in heat and printed at once." And again: "The stuff I wrote for the *Evening Sun* included some of my best, and yet it is buried in their files."

Although Mencken was a career newsman, surprisingly few of his daily stories have been preserved, and most of those in books known chiefly to buffs. The regular reader, if he knows Mencken at all—beyond the *Diary* uproar, that is—knows him for his aphorisms, the three autobiographical *Days* books, or *The American Language*. A lucky few know his *Prejudices* essays; and perhaps his own Collected Mencken, the *Chrestomathy*. This new collection, says editor Rodgers, "attempts to provide one of the most comprehensive editions of Mencken's articles, showing the full range of his talents and interests, which made him so famous during five decades of American history. At least three-quarters of the essays have not been seen since their first appearance in the newspaper where they were praised or damned over sixty years ago."

They have not been seen, but they are familiar. Mencken was a great saver, reworking most of the topics and themes of his newspaper work into books later on. He was known as much for his style as for his "irritating and irresistible" point of view, and if we haven't read these exact versions before, we've no doubt read something very much like them, right down to turns of phrase.

And they all still make very good, very stimulating reading, which is why Mencken is still with us. So much newspaper work concerns frauds long dead and forgotten, and old newspaper controversies of a dark and expired age, as Mencken would have put it, that collections of them seem unthinkable. His own work, on the other hand, comprises two main ideas: "I am strongly in favor of liberty and I hate fraud." And that is why today Mencken can be read on Prohibition, or the Scopes trial, or censorship, or politics, without lengthy glosses and still with a great deal of pleasure. Attacks on our liberties, and the enthronement of all kinds of frauds—these never go out of style.

So said, La Rodgers has put together an impressive collection of almost 200 pieces. The classics are here, of course: "The Sahara of the Bozart," "Imperial Purple," "Valentino," "Bryan." But the riches of *The Impossible H. L. Mencken* are as multifarious as the man, and one can just let the book fall open and come upon some treasure. Consider his 1918 observations on Americans and their quest for status, later so well catalogued by Tom Wolfe:

> The character that actually marks off the American is not money-hunger at all; it is what might be called, at the risk of misunderstanding, social aspiration. . . . The fruit of all this appetite to get on, this desire to cut a better figure, is not the truculence that might be imagined, but rather timorousness. The desire itself is bold and insatiable, but its satisfaction demands discretion, prudence, a polite and ingratiating habit. The walls are not to be stormed; they must be wooed to a sort of Jerichoan fall.

Or take "How Much Should a Woman Eat?"—an antique from 1908. Here Mencken comments upon several news items of the day about stingy husbands and how much they give their wives for provisioning:

> A Duluth man sought a divorce from his wife on the grounds that she fried and consumed a peck of Bermuda onions daily, and so made his house uninhabitable, his bank account a theoretical abstraction and his dream of happiness a mere hallucination. The world, perhaps, contemplates these men

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and their acts with mingled amusement and contempt, but in sober truth they have not a little justice and equity on their side.

Mencken reasons that such men become the way they do because of deliberate deception:

In the army, the dietetic demands of the soldier are worked out to three places of decimals. A private carrying 80 pounds of luggage, with the temperature at 65 degrees, can march 18⅓ miles in 16⅔ hours upon three ham sandwiches, half a pint of stuffed olives and a plug of plantation twist. A general weighing 285 pounds can ride a cayuse up four hills, each 345 feet in height, on 6 ginger snaps and 12 Scotch highballs. Experiments are made to determine these things, and the results are carefully noted in official handbooks, and so attain the force of military regulations.

Not so the young husband! During the courtship, his sweetie eats nothing but lettuce sandwiches and celery shoots. On their honeymoon, she continues the ruse:

But by the time the pair set up housekeeping in their own dear little flat the demands of hunger begin to grow irresistibly, and one morning Clarence is astounded and appalled to see his Mayme wade into five mutton chops, a rasher of bacon and half a dozen hot rolls. That night, at dinner, she eats six ears of corn, a quart of lima beans, a joint of mutton, a bowl of potato salad and two thirds of a shad. The next day, getting her true gait, she makes away with a beef-steak that would suffice for a starving commercial traveler. Is it any wonder that the unfortunate man loses his reason and runs amuck?

This is wonderful work, lost until now.

But in *The Impossible H. L. Mencken* there is also plenty of the kind of material that made the *Diary* such an embarrassment for certain conservatives, and certain conservative journalists. There was nothing surprising in the *Diary*, not to those who knew the iconoclastic and curmudgeonly Mencken. Only consider that Mencken wrote in 1927:

Of late every American reader must have noticed the inaccuracy and imbecility of most of the special correspondence issuing from Washington. In it all the frauds, high and low, who flourish in the town are treated with the utmost gravity, and their cheapest and most venal maneuvers are depicted as masterpieces of statecraft. . . . The Washington correspondents who write it willingly and in good faith—they are too stupid to penetrate the fraudulencies by which they are surrounded.

Mencken the newspaperman is worthy of adulation, and emulation. He should certainly inspire any newspaperman worth his ink today. But conservative journalists, who should be fans, have a problem with him. It is easy to embrace the "beery" Mencken, if you will, but the essential Mencken is another matter. He believed that the role of the newspaper, and the newspaperman, in a democracy was "to stand as a sort of chronic opposition to the reigning quacks." He also believed "that all government is evil, and that trying to improve it is largely a waste of time." He understood very well that the chief cry of pols and uplifters is *Give us more money.* In 1937, at the height of the New Deal, he wrote:

Soon or late the money to pay the State's mounting bills will have to be found, and there is only one place to look for it. That is in the pockets of persons who earn the communal income by doing some sort of useful work. Politicians never earn it, and neither do the uplifters. It must always come, in the last analysis, from men who go to work in the morning and labor hard all day.

Mencken wrote, "I belong to no party. I am my own party." This complete independence is apparently wondrous to American journals of conservative, monarchist, Tory, and otherwise reactionary stripe today. And it makes them uneasy. The swinishness and horror of Stalin and his ilk, and the concerted assault by the left on all that conservatives hold dear, drove almost all but those with a sort of blasted Muggeridgean detachment right into the camp of—the politicians. And there they have seen fit to find redemption, and make cozy, as surely as Ben Bradlee in the lap of the Kennedys. In so doing, they have bought an entire packaged line of thinking, which extends from politics to economics, and even to culture.

When Reagan took the White House, conservatives, many journalists among them, descended upon the District of Columbia like nothing so much as a pack of Andrew Jackson's mountain men, pounding the table, eager for the spoils. The spectacle may have been unseemly, but the behavior of the fledgling Menckenii was more so. Can anyone imagine in all seriousness Mencken the presidential speechwriter? Or Mencken the White House fellow? I seem to recall reading the youthful memoirs of one impressionable Menckenista, a lady journalist, who recounted a tale of her White House days and how she practically achieved sexual bliss just by being on Air Force One. It was a frank confession, and, I thought at the time, a sad one.

Our young Menckens collectively swooned into, shall we say, compromising positions with their pols, and with the handmaidens of the pols. But it is difficult to have it both ways. After their suckling, and their fellowships, and their sinecures, ran out, they moved on to such places as the editorial page, there to don Menckenian poses again, but to turn out—what? I think of a publication that rightly chides the President for not having given General Schwarzkopf another ten hours of open-field running, but then stoutly defends Milkenism and their own dreamy "democratization of capital." Or another which actually published this astounding bit of revisionist sing-song recently:

Before Michael Milken, the high-yield bond market was the final resting place for securities of bankrupt corporations. His genius turned it into a financial breeding ground for start-up companies. The transformation gave the 95% of American corporations that are too small, too new, or too unknown for investment-grade credit ratings (including nearly every company run by a minority member, a recent immigrant, or a woman) access to credit markets for the first time in history.

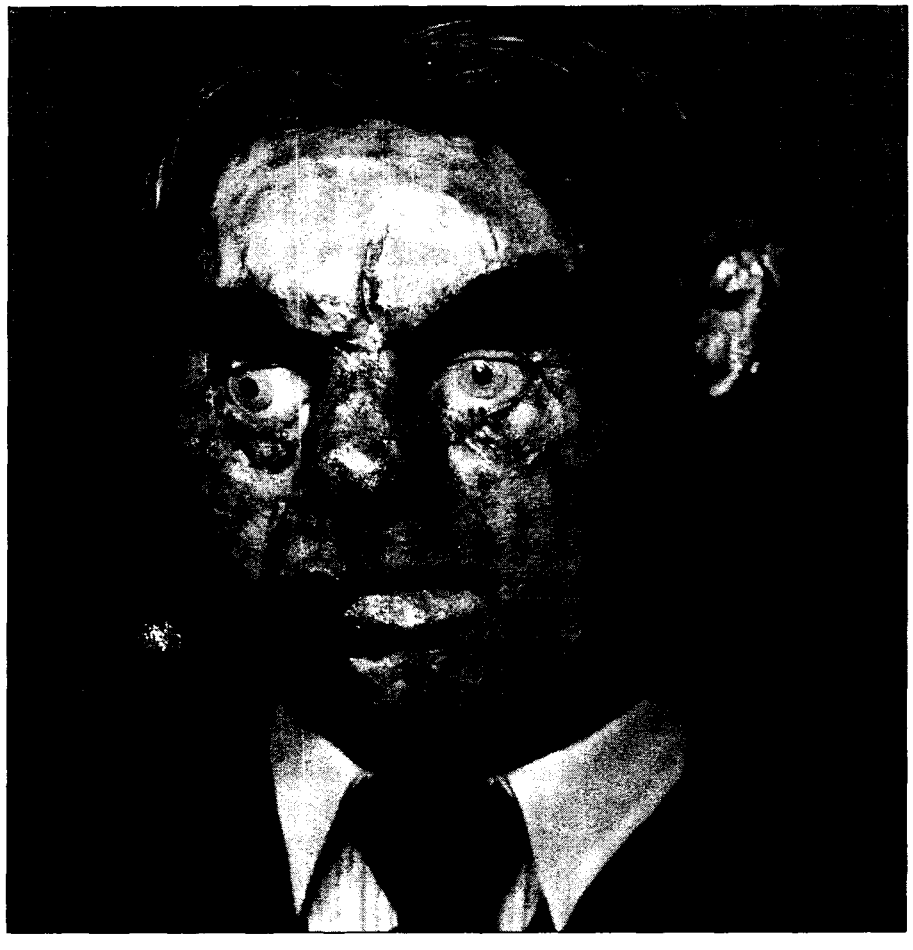
Can anyone imagine Mencken writing such whim-wham, or making such a blatant pact with the devil? Here is Mencken, circa 1925, on businessmen:

I can't recall a single one who wasted any breath cackling about Service, or who made any pretense, in an other way that he was in business for any purpose save to make profits. I see nothing discreditable in that motive. It is honest, it is honorable, and it is sound. . . .

He faults the mountebanks who fill businessmen with a feeling that there is something disgraceful about that. And he concludes:

The best business man is not the one who roves the world searching for opportunities for Service. He is not the one who wastes his time listening to idiotic speeches. He is not the one who bellows for Idealism. He is instead, the one who devotes himself strictly and wholeheartedly to his business, who likes it and gets fun out of it, and who masters every least detail of it.

This is not packaged thought, and not the product of the automatic writing that is the product of automatic thinking. So, I like the word "impossible" in the title. It says a lot about the state of journalism today, and the difficulty of being Mencken-pure in an ideological age.



The foreword by Gore Vidal is another matter entirely. The introduction by editor Rodgers is a fine, competent piece of work. Why now invite the simpering, silly, and overrated Vidal to the party? Why honor him with such a job? I give you an example: "He is very funny about the Noble Experiment to prohibit alcohol (1919-33), which made the United States the world's jokenation, a title still unceded." Or this: "Like all good writers, Mencken is a dramatist, at his best when he shows us the ship of state in motion on high seas while his character studies of the crew of this ship of fools still give delight, though every last one now lies full fathom five. Ding dong dell."

Such is the glorious Vidal. They squeezed him in, and the price was the exclusion of twenty-two of Mencken's largely unknown stories contained in the galley proof, although the Doubleday publicist assures me that this was done because it "was important to make this book an accessible length—a length that invited readers to dip in and discover the immense talent consistently revealed in Mencken's day-to-day journalism." As if that were ever in doubt. □

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REFLECTIONS OF AN AFFIRMATIVE ACTION BABY

Stephen L. Carter/Basic Books/286 pp. $22.95

Arch Puddington

America's controversial experiment with racial preference, now two decades old, has produced the country's first affirmative action generation. The progeny of affirmative action range from television anchormen to Ivy League professors to corporate executives to government officials. They represent, in a sense, the modern version of the Talented Tenth, the young, smart, and energetic of an earlier generation who, W. E. B. DuBois believed, would one day constitute the leadership class of the Negro race.

But there is an important difference between the youthful achievers of DuBois's time and ours. Whereas the Talented Tenth earned their accomplishments against daunting odds in a pervasively bigoted environment, blacks now are the beneficiaries of policies that give them an advantage in university admissions and the job market. At least this is how it appears to the rest of society. No matter how creative, efficient, driven, or ingenious he may be, it is assumed that a black owes his position in at least some measure to the wide array of benefits society distributes on the basis of race. A new and corrosive stereotype—the black professional as recipient of a novel form of welfare for the university-credentialed—has been added to the long list of unfavorable images black Americans have had to overcome throughout their history.

Arch Puddington, a former aide to the late Bayard Rustin, works for Radio Free Europe–Radio Liberty in New York.

It is concern about the implications of the affirmative action stereotype that has motivated Stephen L. Carter's impressive book. Carter's own encounters with affirmative action vividly illustrate the dilemma preferential policies pose for those who want not only to achieve but also to be seen as having done so on their own merits. The son of a Cornell faculty member, Carter was an intensely competitive and high-ranking student, yet was never permitted to forget that his race somehow gave him a leg up on his white classmates. Teachers told him that entry to prestigious universities was assured because he was "black and smart"—always, Carter notes, in that order. An admissions officer from Harvard Law School, which had initially rejected Carter, called to apologize; the university had overlooked the fact that he was black, and now wanted him. (Insulted, Carter went to Yale.) And, of course, Carter will forever be known above all else as the first tenured black at Yale Law School, rather than as an expert in his chosen—nonracial—specialties: the separation of powers, intellectual property law, and the relationship between law and religion.

Carter is not complaining, merely citing his own experience to highlight the challenge blacks face in convincing society (and themselves) that they can make it on their own. He knows that clinging to preferential policies reinforces the notion that blacks cannot compete without a bit of government coercion on their behalf. He proposes that policies centering on race be phased out in favor of policies based on financial need, a position articulated by Clarence Thomas during his confirmation hearings.

This, at least, is Carter's position on affirmative action at the elite level. Unfortunately, he declines to offer judgment on the blue-collar occupations. This is not a minor omission, for rebellion against affirmative action was provoked largely by its assault on standards, and it is not law firms or universities that have been compelled to lower standards or resort to the notorious practice of race norming, but fire departments, utility companies, road crews, and the like. Yet one can understand why Carter wants to concentrate on the Talented Tenth. He is convinced that, if the playing field is not exactly level, enough progress has been made to enable middle-class blacks to compete effectively. As long as the affirmative action mindset predominates, blacks will find it difficult to advance beyond the label, "First black, best black, only black."

Carter is particularly disturbed at the corruption of affirmative action by the "diversity movement." The idea, as advanced in a *Columbia Law Journal* article, that "diversity is part of quality" is seen by Carter as precisely the kind of dangerous thinking that

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will only convince society that what black professionals really seek is the wholesale abolition of the merit principle.

Carter believes that the diversity movement is relegating blacks to an intellectual ghetto, in which they are seen as qualified to pass judgment on issues of race and not much else. Compounding the problem is a virulent war on black authority figures who fail to "think and act and speak in a particular way, the black way." Carter deplores the expectation that blacks in positions of influence "always and everywhere . . . represent the race," and sees as dangerous the notion that blacks "on the inside will hold a particular, and predictable, set of political positions, will be, in effect, blacks of the right kind." The black freedom struggle "has been fought at too great a cost for us now to pretend that the struggle was really about having a black orthodoxy rather than a white one imposed on us." He laments:

> Few Western-style purges are more disheartening, and more threatening to freedom, than the disdainful treatment of intellectuals who dare to challenge intellectual orthodoxy. And a particularly tragic example of this treatment is the isolation of intellectual dissenters who happen to be black.

Carter's commitment to merit leads him to a scathing attack on the notion that blacks should be exempt from various kinds of qualifications. Indeed, he argues that standardized tests are more likely to predict the performance of blacks than of whites. And he notes with irony that while some contend that blacks shouldn't be judged by objective criteria, like tests, because of alleged cultural bias, others insist that subjective gauges like interviews shouldn't be employed because of the potential racism of the interviewer.

Here again, his principal concern is the message this kind of special pleading sends to blacks. His own black students are sufficiently influenced by affirmative-action thinking to have concluded that "the bad guys are out there," rigging the system against them. One complains that "people of color are forced to hide their true voices and write like white males" in order to land positions on the *Yale Law Journal*. Another may lament that universities are not "sensitive to the special perspective people of color bring to scholarship."

Reflections of an Affirmative Action Baby is the latest in a series of fine writings to question racial preference. Works by Thomas Sowell, Shelby Steele, Glenn Loury, and Nathan Glazer have focused on affirmative action's psychological, political, or educational repercussions; Carter examines the phenomenon as it is played out on the front lines of the most prestigious universities. The personal dimension he injects and his astute observations on the diversity question are the book's true strengths.

As for affirmative action itself, Carter's subtle, reasoned, and consistently fair-minded arguments against the practice reinforce an intellectual position that is now beyond refutation. What case can be made for affirmative action now rests almost exclusively on expediency, with a few catchwords like "diversity," "fairness," and "justice" tossed in. The weakness of the pro-affirmative action advocates is best reflected in the disgraceful way they have treated critics like Sowell and Steele. Among the numerous examples Carter provides of black-on-black intellectual assault, the award for the most repulsive, hands-down, is Carl Rowan's comparison of Sowell to the Nazi collaborator Vidkun Quisling.

Carter, by contrast, eschews polemic and bends over backwards to avoid questioning the motives of these critics. He even accepts the sincerity of those who believe that "people of color who hold the wrong views have no right to call themselves people of color." One can predict with certainty that Carter will not be accorded the same gentlemanly treatment by the defenders of racial orthodoxy; he has already drawn the wrath of Alvin Poussaint, whose attitude towards dissenters is a good barometer of the civil rights establishment's disposition.

And what of Carter's tortured objections to being labeled a conservative? Some will be tempted to ascribe them to a desire to appeal to those blacks and white liberals disenchanted by a black political culture increasingly dominated by the likes of Al Sharpton and Marion Barry. It is probable that Carter does not believe he is a conservative, at least not now. He is rather in the midst of a familiar odyssey from the political left to conservatism. Others who have traveled this journey report that there comes a time when one harbors conservative convictions on the various litmus test issues of the day, but still rebels at being labeled a conservative. This is especially difficult for those whose defining political experience was the struggle for racial equality. And it is even more problematical for blacks, who well understand that most blacks regard black conservatives as, in Carter's words, a "lunatic fringe."

Carter has included an intriguing and valuable section on the failure of conservatives to appeal to a broader base of black support. He claims, I think correctly, that conservatives patronize impressive figures like Thomas Sowell and Clarence Thomas by regularly trotting them out as exhibits for the cause, trump cards against the latest ill-conceived proposals of the NAACP or the Congressional Black Caucus. On the other hand, Carter's complaint that conservatives are "far better at explaining what is wrong with civil rights than what is right with them" raises a thorny question: Other than defending blacks against overt discrimination, is there anything on the current civil rights agenda worthy of support?

At one point, Carter tries to distance himself from conservatives by professing support for a vague program of tax-and-spend to benefit the inner-city poor. This book, of course, is about affirmative action, not urban poverty. But if Carter were to devote the same honesty and rigorous intellect to the problem of poverty that he brings to racial preference, he'd probably change his mind. □

MEMOIRS

Kingsley Amis/Summit Books/346 pp. $25

Christopher Caldwell

"Most writers," says Kingsley Amis at the beginning of his *Memoirs*, "lead dull lives, whether or not those lives may be fun to lead, and are likely to be boring to read about in any detail." So he has instead concentrated on his friends, who form the core of a fecund British artistic generation—one that thrived despite having been on the fiddler-paying end of what Noel Annan calls "Our Age." Even from a writer who has always looked humorously outward while others were looking ponderously inward, this tactic will strike avid readers of his comic novels as something of a cop-out—if he is nearly as introspective as some of his better-drawn characters, Amis's inner history is anything but dull. Still, his decision to write an autobiography about other people tells us a good deal about him: much of what we call English reserve has always consisted in hiding one's feelings by having a good, sadistic laugh at the mote in the other fellow's eye. His *Memoirs* are less egotistical than, say, Benvenuto Cellini's *Autobiography*, but just as unsparingly venomous, much boozier, and only slightly less raunchy.

Since 1954, when he gained wide renown with his send-up of British academe, *Lucky Jim*, Amis has published over forty books of fiction, non-fiction, and verse, along with a good deal of science fiction, some opera libretti, and a few anthologies. That he has waited until now to settle some scores made the book a *cause célèbre* when it was published in England earlier this year. Presumably Amis was knighted (in 1990) before his description of Princess Margaret as having "no mind at all" saw print. Of the novelist Stuart Sutherland, he writes: "Though pleasant enough, he failed to strike me as, say, somebody I would pick out of a group of strangers as likely to be the sanest present." *De mortuis nihil nisi verum*: Groucho Marx is "the most embarrassingly unfunny comedian I have ever encountered"; T. E. Lawrence's *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is "a piece of pretentious bulls--t"; Dylan Thomas was "an outstandingly unpleasant man, one who cheated and stole from his friends and peed on their carpets" and "a very bad poet indeed"; and the Oxford professor Lord David Cecil's son is recorded as answering, when asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, "I'm going to be a neurotic like Daddy."

Whole groups get it, too, such as the Czechs, who exude "the heaviest gener-

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al concentration of body-odour I have ever come across." But given his novelist's eye for boors, Amis is best at assassinating with anecdote, as he does John Braine, the intemperate (and incontinent) right-wing novelist and poseur:

> There was nothing well-controlled about his drunkenness on that occasion. He was put to bed in an attic room (normally that of my son Philip), there being no question of his returning to London that night as he had planned. The next morning he was found there with the electric fire full on and near enough to the bed to have caused it to burst into flames, had he not rendered the sheets non-inflammable.

But there are fewer scathing portraits here than tender ones, the fullest of which is of the Sovietologist, poet, and prankster Robert Conquest. Amis describes the neglect of Conquest's *The Great Terror*, the authoritative book on Stalin's purges:

> For many years *The Great Terror* was ignored where possible or dismissed as propaganda. Then, in 1988, favorable references to it began to appear in the Soviet media. The following year, instalments of the full text started coming out in the official publication *Neva*.
>
> Recently an American publisher suggested a new edition of the book. "What about a new title, Bob? We won't pretend it's a new book, but a new title would be good. What do you say?"
>
> Bob answered in terms that get a lot of his character into small compass. "Well, perhaps *I Told You So, You F--king Fools*. How's that?"

Conquest often writes light verse, much of which Amis has anthologized. One specimen, a pithy elaboration of the Seven Ages of Man, is particularly memorable:

> Seven ages: first puking and mewling;
> Then very pissed off with one's schooling;
> Then f--ks; and then fights;
> Then judging chaps' rights;
> Then sitting in slippers; then drooling.

Conquest has also written a number of extremely bawdy poems, some with Amis's help, which are quoted amply. Of these Amis says, "Women readers are likely to find such undertakings childish in the extreme." Actually, many women (and all American women) are likely to find Amis *misogynistic* in the extreme, particularly those who have made it to the infamous last page of *Jake's Thing* (1978) or read *Stanley and the Women* (1984), which was long blacklisted by New York publishers. It's a charge that would be hard for Amis to refute (as if he'd care to), and his account of joining Malcolm Muggeridge on a (drink-foiled) orgy with George Orwell's widow Sonia, once known as "Buttocks" Brownell, will do little to stay anyone's choler. It's worth noting, though, that of all the friends he describes, the only one he could be said actively to *champion* is the neglected English novelist Elizabeth Taylor. And his attitudes towards women are a bit less extreme when set against those of some of his contemporaries—Philip Larkin, for example, who explained that he didn't go on dates because he could get all he actually desired by himself in five minutes at home, save five pounds, "and have the rest of the evening to myself."

Anyone who has read Amis's lampooning of American academic poseurs at "Budweiser University" in *One Fat Englishman* (1963)—based on a teaching stint at Princeton in the late 1950s, where he rented the house of a man he describes as "the illustrious 'liberal' journalist Murray Kempton"—would imagine that Amis is anti-American as well, in the robust English tradition. Indeed, the four months he spent teaching at Vanderbilt in 1967-68 seem to have been the most miserable of his life, thanks to galloping racism and the prevailing liquor-licensing laws, the latter of which have vexed traveling English novelists since Dickens.

Amis thinks our literature stinks, too, speaking of

> that sad rift between British and American literature which has done so much to impede our common cultural understanding, unless that sounds too horribly solemn. More bluntly, I think most American literature is a disaster, one reinforced by its being taught in universities there to the virtual exclusion of British, or even the British classics. . . . For what must be more than one reason . . . writers and artists in that country seem destined to be or become stricken deer, misfits, assorted victims and freaks, drunks rather than drinkers, hermits, suicides.

A good number of Amis's relatives are Americans, and apparently an eccentric bunch. On an excursion to Washington, D.C., he met his Uncle "Virg," a tattooed bohunk in overalls, who brazenly invited himself along when Amis went to meet Walter Lippmann, and embarrassed his nephew by asking the journalist his opinion of "Shanghai Shek." (Amis: "He made the ruler of Taiwan sound like somebody on a level with, say, Texas Dan.")

But Virg's slip wound up making Amis's evening, and he is particularly fond of American manners, which he considers better than the English. (Granted, he reached this epiphany on a visit to New Haven, when his host handed him a dry martini before he'd taken off his overcoat.) All in all, he says,

> I have remained strongly pro-American in my attitudes . . . even after a glimpse of an episode of *Dallas*, a glance at a novel by Saul Bellow or Vladimir Nabokov, or a conversation with one of those people that Americans themselves mysteriously call "liberals." . . . [A]mong the wondrous multi-coloured lights of the New Jersey Turnpike, at that time unparalleled at home—by then I knew that the lefties, European and American alike, were all liars and this was my second country and always would be.

That "the lefties were all liars" seems to be a lesson he learned from his friend Tibor Szamuely. As a self-described "little lefty fart," Amis briefly joined the student branch of the Communist party at Oxford, where "the only useful lesson I learnt, for later, was the cunning and the unquenchable assiduity with which Communists infiltrate other groups, non-political (religious, for instance) as well as political." He now finds pacifism "morally abhorrent" and spoke out frequently about Soviet abuses in Eastern Europe. (He singles out Peter Fleming and Malcolm Muggeridge as the only English journalists of the 1930s to have written honestly on the Soviet Union.)

Szamuely was a Russian/Hungarian professor who had been thrown into a Stalinist prison camp for confiding to a friend that he thought prime minister Georgi Malenkov a "fat pig." He was reprieved on personal orders from Stalin, thanks to his mother-in-law's having (probably) had an affair with Stalin's puppet dictator in Hungary, Matyas Rakosi; rehabilitated; and sent to teach at a guerrilla school in Ghana, from which he defected with his family and his library. In England, he finished his magisterial *The Russian Tradition*, was naturalized, and died of cancer two years later at 47; his wife was dead of cancer, too, within the year. Complaining about the liturgy at her funeral, Amis writes:

> But none of that was anything after one of the most harrowing sights imaginable, that of the two young orphaned children, Helen and George, there at the top of the church steps to greet the mourners, standing completely alone, with no kin in this country and none anywhere else in the world they could go to. →

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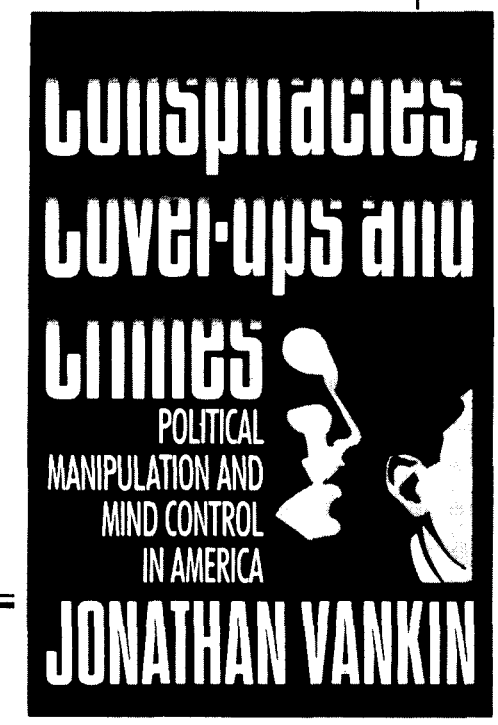

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The elegiac tone of much of this memoir reminds one that even the funniest of Amis's novels have been in some measure elegiac, almost fey. "I have had seven great friends in my life," Amis writes at the end of the Szamuely chapter. "Three are dead." Here he sounds like Philip Larkin, Amis's best friend until Larkin's death in 1985. The two met at Oxford during the war as fellow jazz fans (rare) and fellow proletarians (rarer). Just as Larkin's *All What Jazz?* is the classic elegy for an art bankrupted by its own preciousness and pretension, Amis's *Memoirs* flay both modern jazz and what seems to be modern culture as a whole:

> Good going, in a sense, to have got from Monteverdi to John Cage in—what? Forty years? The Hot Five to Ornette Coleman? Nothing makes me feel more thoroughly old than to realise that there is nothing but a bloody great hole where quite an important part of my life once was.

The same goes for people. At a regimental reunion, Amis finds his old comrades "greyer, balder, fatter, uglier, *older* too, most of them. The shine and cheerfulness of youth can appear at first blush very like real vitality, even wit. Time will lay bare the disappointing truth . . ."

If Larkin is thought of as the St. Jerome of modern poets, it is worth remembering that, at Oxford, it was Amis who was the aspiring poet, Larkin the aspiring novelist. Amis's poems (including the Betjemanesque "Instead of an Epilogue," which closes this volume) are frequently as morbid and nostalgic as Larkin's; the tea-party scene in Larkin's novel *Jill* is as funny as anything Amis has written. The two men are more alike as writers, and may have been more alike as men, than either would have acknowledged.

Enough has been written about their friendship elsewhere. Worth mentioning though, is Amis's moving description of the courage with which Larkin, knowing he was dying, refused to have Amis visit him and chided him not to "get unduly alarmed" at the "tests" he was undergoing. Amis claims that it was only after Larkin's death that he understood the lines in Larkin's "Aubade" that run

> . . . Courage is no good.
> It means not scaring others. . . .

Well, not scaring others *is* good, Amis has discovered, particularly if you can make them laugh in the process. Perhaps his grace as a humorous novelist has been a necessity, a survival instinct for one who describes himself entering grade school with an "unpreparedness for how awful things are going to be, starting with human nature." □

POVERTY AND COMPASSION: THE MORAL IMAGINATION OF THE LATE VICTORIANS

Gertrude Himmelfarb/Alfred A. Knopf/475 pp. $30

William McGurn

"Among the various characteristics of the age in which we live," wrote John Ruskin, "one of the most notable appears to me the just and wholesome contempt in which we hold poverty." Ruskin's choice of words was telling. Up until roughly the nineteenth century, no one really spoke of poverty. There were only "the poor," a natural if lamentable feature of the human condition ("The poor always ye have with you").

The rise of industrial society, the wealth it bred, and the concomitant decline in religion wrought a transformation in the way the public thought about the less fortunate. Increasingly poverty began to be seen as an objective condition, and as capitalism democratized wealth to a hitherto-unimagined degree, the persistence of poverty came to be regarded as something of a scandal. In *Poverty and Compassion*, Gertrude Himmelfarb tracks this change in perceptions through the major personalities and institutions of the late Victorian era. Though these figures by no means agreed on problems and solutions, they were united by what the Fabian socialist Beatrice Webb called the "time spirit": "the union of faith in the scientific method with the transference of the emotion and self-sacrificing service from God to man."

The Victorians prided themselves on their obsession with facts and consequences over feelings and intentions. Though they were frequently generous with their own time and money, they are more properly considered social workers than altruists. For the "driving mission" of most of these reformers, says Himmelfarb, was not just to give but "to infuse a sense of proportion into the sentiment of compassion, to make compassion proportionate to and compatible with the proper ends of social policy." And in precisely this sense—the attempt to bring scientific discipline to bear on societal problems—the late Victorians might better be understood as the first real moderns rather than the last of the old traditionalists.

It's easy to see where certain popular misconceptions about fuddy-duddy Victorians came from: however new their social philosophy, they still held that character was paramount and that "the aim of social policy was to encourage the poor to become respectable, responsible, and moral." Probably it would shock them to learn that the word "Victorian" has come to suggest an artificial and ultimately unrealistic code of morals, for the Victorians insisted on a practical ethic:

> [It] did not celebrate heroism, or genius, or nobility, or spiritual grace. Its virtues were more pedestrian: respectability, responsibility, decency, industriousness, prudence, temperance. These virtues depended on no special breeding, talent, sensibility, or even money. They were common, everyday virtues, within the capacity of ordinary people. They were the virtues of citizens, not of heroes or saints—and of citizens of democratic countries, not aristocratic ones.

Nor religious ones. The shift in emphasis from the hereafter to the here and now, while not necessarily hostile to the religious impulse, had obvious consequences for personal behavior. In traditional Christianity, for example, charity has always had more to do with the spiritual liberation of the donor than the physical relief of the recipient. The Victorians thought this a promiscuous encouragement of bad habits. What Himmelfarb says of the Charity Organization Society (COS) applies to the Victorians in general:

> [Theirs] was not the gift prescribed by the evangelist: "Give unto everyone that asketh thee." That gift was an end in itself, not so much a means of relieving the needy as a manifestation of the divine spirit, the infinite love of God expressing itself in infinite compassion for man. Infinite—not measured by need or means, not organized or supervised, but given freely and received freely, without conditions or limits. "When thou doest alms," the Gospel reads, "let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." The COS operated under precisely the opposite dictate. Theirs was a "religion of charity" presided over by a "church of charity" and governed by a "science of charity." And their science required the left hand to know precisely what the right hand was doing, and made it a solemn obligation not to give to everyone who asketh.

While they may have shed traditional Christian theology, they retained its moral core and made up in zeal what they lacked in belief. Not surprisingly, many of the apostles of this new Social Gospel—among them T. H. Green, F. H. Bradley, and Bernard Bosanquet—were children of clergymen. The father of Cambridge economist Alfred Marshall, though not a preacher, very much wanted him to become an Evangelical minister. "Instead," as Himmelfarb notes, "the son became an agnostic in religion and an evangelical in economics." It could have been the epitaph for many.

Of course, without the authority of traditional religion, it required an almost superhuman effort to push what were essentially everyday (now "middle-class") virtues. While the Victorians

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were not heroic in a larger-than-life sense, their tenacity and stamina were of awesome dimensions. The stiff upper lip was not a cliché but a code. No one epitomized it more than Charles Booth, whose figure looms large in this book. Over the two decades that saw him publish his seventeen-volume *Life and Labour of the People in London*, Booth also ran a steamship company, traveling to America and Brazil for months at a time, despite chronic ill health. The more secular these reformers were, the more Puritan became their disposition. Beatrice Webb, to name one, displayed an almost Manichean loathing for the flesh; "physical appetites are to me the devil," she confessed in her diary.

For all their preoccupation with character, the logic of the Victorians' exertions paradoxically led society in a different direction. As poverty came to be seen as an objective condition imposed by circumstance, the emphasis on personal responsibility grew less important. "It was the welfare state that finally brought about the divorce of morality from social policy," writes Himmelfarb. "The divorce was finalized when the services and benefits provided by the state were made available to everyone regardless of need."

In the policy sense, yes. But the seeds of separation probably had as much to do with the divorce of morality from religion. The original crop of reformers, still drawing on the religious capital of their immediate past, could assume that their moral code was just and proper, and this doubtless prevented them from embracing a great many practices against which they could raise no *rational* objection. The Fabians provide excellent examples of what came later, in particular their fascination with eugenics and, ultimately, the Soviet Union. As Himmelfarb puts it, "They were all in favor of government *for* the people but not necessarily *of* or *by* the people."

Today we seem to have come full circle, as our commitment to the poor is measured by the number of dollars spent on them rather than any improvement in their condition. Whatever their faults and blindnesses, the Victorians would never have let themselves off the hook that easily—not only because they expected more of the poor but because they were not content to rest on their good intentions; theirs was a constant effort to measure the actual effects of their actions and to come up with precisely the right standard to tell them how they were doing. "If they failed to understand all the causes and dimensions of their problems or to accomplish all they hoped by way of improvement," writes Himmelfarb, "a later generation, aware of its own failures (in spite of its greater sophistication and experience), may be more forgiving of the Victorians than they were of themselves." □

WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME TOMORROW?

Benjamin J. Stein/St. Martin's Press/298 pp. $18.95

John R. Coyne, Jr.

Ben Stein doesn't fit the mold—any mold. We first met in 1973, when he pulled himself out of the careerist muck of Washington's legal bureaucracy to join the best White House writing staff ever assembled. The last year of the Nixon Administration was not a particularly happy time for those of us who worked in the White House compound. We had just lost our splendid vice president, who had led the great cavalry charges against the ungodly in the golden years. The casualties—some physical, more mental—mounted daily, and the medical office peddled bags of valium like peanuts. With each day, new rounds came whistling in, launched by a media giddy with slipping the bonds of professional integrity and thrilled to lay siege to a man they had always loathed without ever understanding.

Although the résumé entry may not have seemed the most rewarding for the career-minded, the White-House-during-Watergate was a splendid place to work, as the James brothers no doubt remarked of Captain Quantrill's headquarters in 1864. And many of those who emerged intact did so a good deal wiser, having learned some important things about pressure, people, values, and themselves. This didn't necessarily mean that ideals were lost (or gained, for that matter)—merely tempered by a healthy cynicism. Those who had ideals at the end were the ones who had had them in the beginning—such as Ben Stein, in whom a genuine and gentle concern for people in trouble was joined to a remarkable detachment that became cold and fierce in the face of dishonest, immoral, or—worst of all—amoral behavior.

This clarity and relentlessness informed Stein's financial and economic reporting throughout the eighties, primarily for *Barron's*, in which he dissected the great Ponzi schemes of the decade—Drexel, the S&Ls, Keating, Milken. There are more than enough Watergate analogies here, particularly between the Milkenites and some of the zealots from the Committee to Reelect the President. But there are also notable dissimilarities: for one thing, there's been no applause for the investigator.

As an unreconstructed Watergate irregular might recall, when Woodward and Bernstein brought down an administration with an often wildly distorted media campaign, they walked off with every journalistic award in sight, to say nothing of a bestseller or two and a movie. Why has Stein, despite what many believe to be some of the best financial reporting of the decade, received no Pulitzer and very little praise? Some questions are best left to the revisionists, but let's leave it at this: friends of Stein say that, just as Richard Nixon made powerful enemies by defrocking Alger Hiss, Stein has offended those who confuse Michael Milken and his followers with the Little Sisters of the Poor, and those are the people who hand out the awards.

They are also, in large part, the people Stein has been lampooning since he left his post-White House job at the *Wall Street Journal* (an improbable base for a political/cultural irregular) to move to Hollywood in the mid-seventies. Since then he has produced a flood of screenplays, articles, reviews, and columns, and written several novels and non-fiction works. One of these, *Dreemz*, is a splendid autobiography that is taught in universities. Two of his novels, *'Ludes* and *Her Only Sin*, use the Hollywood setting described in *Dreemz* to explore the central motif of all of Stein's work: the search for honesty, decency, simplicity, and goodness in a dishonest, amoral, selfish world.

Stein's latest novel, *Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?*, is an exploration of selfishness and greed with a new twist. Boy meets girl—which is not unusual, even in our multi-gendered society. What is new is that they meet at an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. What is most unusual, in these times, is that they're both honest and decent people.

Barron Thomas is an aviation and real-estate tycoon who understands the Milken formula and succeeds *without using it*. Nicole Miller, a former Tennessee cheerleader who wants to succeed in advertising but becomes an alcoholic in the process, is his almost improbably nice girlfriend. In Stein's hands, such anomalous characters are plausible, animated by his generous and essentially hopeful view of human nature. But since Thackeray struggled with Amelia, one of the novelist's central problems has been to create good characters in a world in which evil is often the operative—and always the most interesting—principle. Thus, there are times when Nicole seems less interesting than Barron's alcoholic and addictive wife, who has to be dealt with before boy finally gets girl.

Stein can paint in both primary and secondary colors, with primary characters embodying societal themes and moral concerns, and secondary characters representing vices and virtues. In fact, although *Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?* is on one level a love story, it is on another a contemporary morality play, a meditation on loss of control, the collapse of personal integrity, disrespect for institutional values, and—most of all—the need to rebuild.

For Stein, power, money, drugs, and alcohol are all elements in a destructive and descending trajectory, spiraling downward in tightening concentric circles. In addiction, Stein has hit on the perfect metaphor, for addiction is the quintessentially selfish personal affliction, and selfishness is the quintessential disease of an age still struggling to define itself.

In this splendidly cinematic novel of ideas, Stein has diagnosed that disease, and prescribed a cure. What is it? For that, you'll have to read the novel. □

John R. Coyne, Jr. is author of The Kumquat Statement *(Coles) and* The Impudent Snobs *(Arlington House).*

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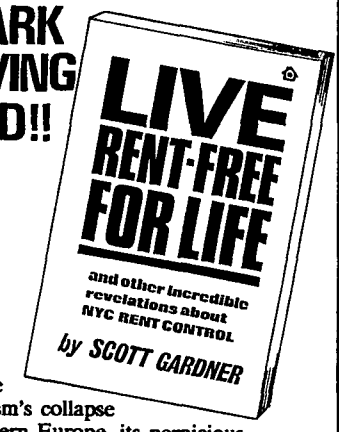

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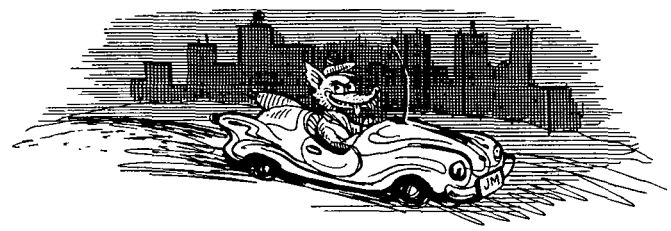


FORGET THE MOTOR CITY

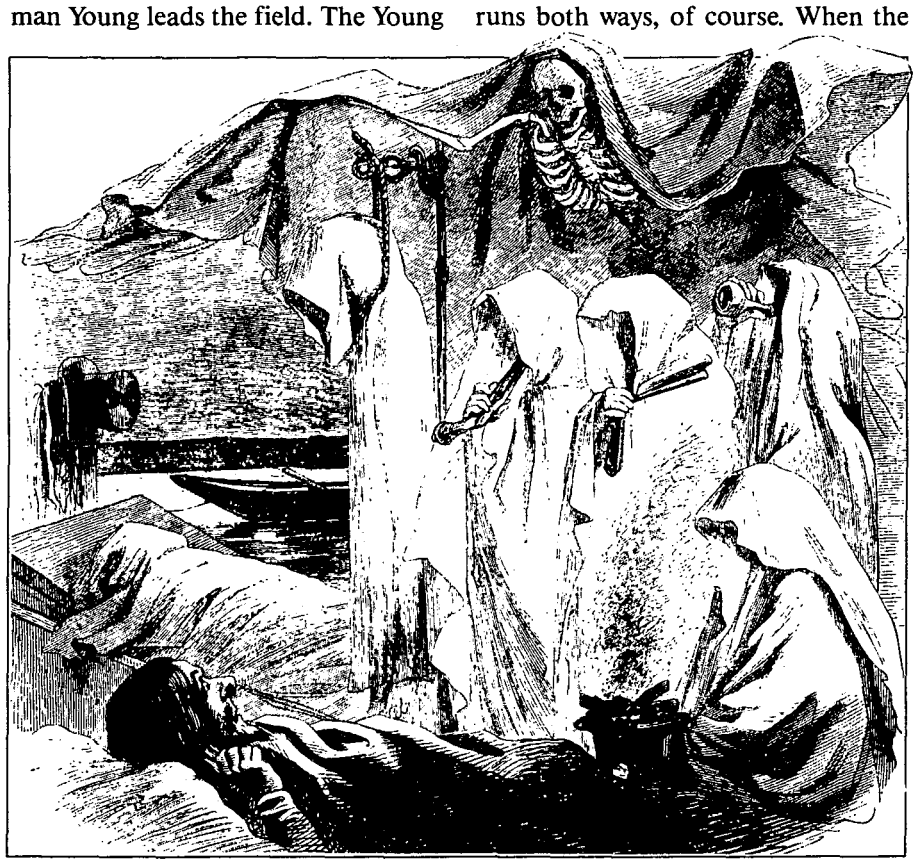
by William Irvine

At lunch with a Michigander of no small erudition, I heard about the antics of the Princess Mdivani in Hong Kong in the 1950s. We sat under a canvas umbrella on a manicured lawn fronting the turbid Detroit River. As starchy waiters scurried back and forth, peppering the Caesar salads of the puffy, soigne couples surrounding us, I felt for a fleeting moment what it must be like to take a poolside meeting in Bel-Air. Yet we were looking out not at the Pacific but at an abandoned ten-story factory, its guts hanging out and stripped of plumbing, nested in waist-high rubble. It was the source of some mysterious odors, which were evidently detectable only to out-of-towners: "I guess I've just gotten used to it," sighed my host. Fellini would have been in heaven. I, alas, was in Detroit.

In the Motor City, locals boast about how long it has been since they were downtown, and the excuses have gotten easier to make since 1967. The venerable Hudson's department store, a holdout, closed in the early 1980s. The chestnut-paneled London Chop House, a city monument that often saw the likes of Henry Ford 2d and Aretha Franklin, died this June. Cruising down Woodward Avenue, once the grandest of downtown streets, a boulevard that would make Baron Haussmann gasp, the casualties of past Devil's Nights—the annual Halloween eve arson festivals during which inner city gangs set fire to slum dwellings—display their battle scars. In an effort to beat future arsonists to the punch, the city has been razing hundreds of buildings a year. This unique example of civic/private cooperation has been a smashing success: a mere stone's throw from the GM Building are the mansions of nineteenth-century grandees, stripped and abandoned. The grid plan in parts of downtown is now merely a formality, as acres of land have reverted to garbage-strewn pasture, dotted occasionally with a hulking Second Empire–style corpse.

If I had to categorize the kind of fellow who lives downtown, based on the local businesses which appear to flourish, I'd say he likes to drink (a lot), enjoys taking in some topless dancing, and eats only Coney Island dogs. Society's detritus tumble like bruised apples through the city streets. Drunks, toothless courtesans (some with rather rakish hats), and crack aficionados of all shapes and sizes lallygag the day away in beat-up upholstered chairs dragged out onto the sidewalks. Most legitimate businesses are owned by the enterprising Chaldeans who, like the Korean grocers of Bedford-Stuyvesant, are the object of much resentment in the inner city. It is certainly not surprising that, outside the precincts of the Terminator-esque Renaissance Center and the office buildings of the Big Three (connected by glass-enclosed walkways so you *never* have to go outside), the downtown renaissance is considered an oxymoron.

I can state with unqualified conviction that of all the American mayors with illegitimate six-year-old children, Coleman Young leads the field. The Young dictatorship enters its fifth term plagued by scandal. William Hart, the chief of police, is indicted for stealing $2.6 million. The mayor's niece, Cathy Volsan-Curry, recently arranged police protection for undercover FBI agents posing as cocaine dealers. And talk about access! Officers have been indicted for escorting drugs and cash around town in Detroit police cars. It gives one pause to think about Mayor Young's interest in bringing casino gambling here (he has twice been defeated). But nothing has created a bigger stir than an amateur videotape—played with Rodney King–like regularity on the local news—of a gang of black women attacking some white suburban ladies in a downtown parking lot as a group of spectators looked on. The Detroit police evinced little interest in the case. In fact, one officer allegedly told one of the victims to "get out of my face." This sort of behavior is far from unusual. Mayor Young is a master of racist rhetoric and he makes no bones about his contempt for the white suburbs, whose residents he considers traitors to Detroit. The bile runs both ways, of course. When the chief of police invited the ladies back for a visit to the city as his guests of honor, he was informed that they did not plan to make a visit anytime soon. Young was incensed when the gang leader was sentenced to a prison term of less than a year, calling it unnecessarily harsh.



The Michigan Historic Marker in front of Hitsville, U.S.A., the modest birthplace of Motown records, observes that the company "provided opportunity for Detroit's inner-city youth to reach their full potential and become super stars." It would appear that few of Motown's beneficiaries have taken this to heart, which is a shame. While Michael Jackson donated $125,000 to the place, I'll be damned if I can guess what it was spent on. One upstairs room features Michael's glittering glove in a floor-to-ceiling glass case. There is the famous recording studio (untouched), and a rag-tag collection of Motown artists' album covers tacked to the walls, and a collection of archival photographs that includes a fetching shot of Ted and Joan Kennedy with the Temptations. But that, aside from the shag carpeting, is it. How curious that a place of such significance in the history of American music is not more revered (and funded) in its own city. Comparisons with Nashville are cruel, but apt. The Detroit Institute of Arts is perhaps the last diamond in the city's pawned necklace, a superb museum in a city with an evaporated base of private philanthropy. The state, which pays more than half of the museum budget of $26 million, has frozen all payments in the wake of its $1 billion deficit. Only half the galleries are open at any given time and the exhibition schedule is now uncertain at best.

Detroit has some wonderful Greek food. It has my idea of what used-bookstore heaven must be in the form of John King & Co. (half a million titles; plan to spend the day). But on a chilly, windswept Saturday, as you watch Detroit's $200 million People Mover snake its way through the deserted streets, it's hard not to think of it as a monorail to nowhere. □

William Irvine is author of the forthcoming If I Had a Hi-Fi *(Dell/Laurel).*

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GENDER ISSUES QUIZ

Are conservatives smarter than liberals?

What do prehistoric "families," some tribal societies, housing projects and barnyards have in common? Chaos! caused by loss of the *gender contract* between men and women.

What is the *gender contract?* It is the delineation of intra-family rights and responsibilities whereby a woman is (was) assured by a man of protection and sustenance, in return for legitimate, inalienable children. This *contract* is the foundation of civilization.

What went wrong in modern times? Government negated the *contract.* Divorce courts, following the liberal imperative of redistributing wealth, routinely evict and pauperize fathers. The welfare empire aspires to replace them.

Other prejudices are double standards in crime punishment, e.g. the right to kill husbands, affirmative action job schemes and negative image portrayls.

Of what consequence to society is all this? Deprived of respect for paternal discipline and self-sufficiency, children often fall into delinquency and dependency.

Who are more responsible for the mess, liberals or conservatives? Both; liberals on principle, conservatives from disregarding the *gender contract,* influenced by perverted chivalry. Having more common sense, conservatives may be more educable and society's best hope.

What conservative publication promotes this new perspective? *The Liberator* 17854A Lyons, Forest Lake, MN 55025. Sample issue $2.00

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MISCELLANEOUS

OUT OF CONTROL

Are you as concerned as we are about OUT OF CONTROL **Crime, Drugs, and Gang Violence**? And the Budget Deficit that is equally OUT OF CONTROL?

Welfare reform must begin and government subsidy of irresponsible childbirth must end. We must begin to make hard, fast, and firm distinction between legitimate need and irresponsible baby factories. If not, America will be DESTROYED FROM WITHIN in the 21st century. The total cost of AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children) is over $20 BILLION dollars a year! The cost of gang violence and related crime and drug activity is $15 BILLION dollars a year! In 1960 only 5% of all U.S. births were illegitimate. By 1990 26% of all U.S. births were illegitimate. The rate has quintupled in just 30 years, largely because of the welfare money incentive and failure to deny funding of illegitimate births. In 1990 63% of all U.S. black births were illegitimate.

The federal government has assumed the role of wage-earning parents and destroyed initiative, pride, and the family value system. Americans must learn to limit family size based on what they can personally afford. Single parent "families" with 10, 12, even 14 (and more!) children foster larger and larger gang membership rolls. Then, as adults, far too many become career criminals and welfare baby factories themselves. The unmarried moms and wayward kids can't compete, and don't even try, but they know Uncle will support them. They have to learn to help themselves and be independent.

The cycle MUST BE BROKEN. The cost to taxpayers of today's AFDC and gang-related problems will seem small compared to tomorrow's cost UNLESS WE ACT NOW. Both direct lobbying of legislators and informing of voters are planned.

YOU CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE. We need your support. All of us of like mind can come together as one powerful voice to PREVENT AMERICA'S BANKRUPTCY AND SELF-DESTRUCTION and ensure her future.

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(continued on page 50)

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(CONTINUED)

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JEFF MACNELLY INTERVIEW, humor, satire; $3.00. WAKE UP MAGAZINE, 1912 Timberview, Arlington, TX 76014.

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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS
(continued from page 17)

JAMES WOLCOTT

In a year of forest-pounding fiction by such Bigfoot authors as Norman Mailer, Harold Brodkey, and Mark Helprin, a number of nifty smaller novels have been given polite pecks on the cheek. They deserve more. Among the overlooked: Lewis Nordan's *Music of the Swamp* (Algonquin), a rich sample of Southern soul-ache rivaling Harry Crews's *A Childhood*; Helen Schulman's *Out of Time* (Atheneum), in which the repercussions of a car accident (or was it suicide?) spread through the characters' lives like the windshield's spiderwebbed shatter; and *Killer Diller* (Algonquin), a fine comic rip by Clyde Edgerton.

And in the Age of Debt, what writer could be more apropos than Anthony Trollope? His fiction is piled with unpaid bills. (As a wit once wrote, one of Trollope's central questions is, "Will he Inherit?") Scored to the sound of money, *The Eustace Diamonds* is absolutely enthralling, with fox hunts worthy of Tolstoy.

James Wolcott is a contributing editor to Vanity Fair.

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 7)

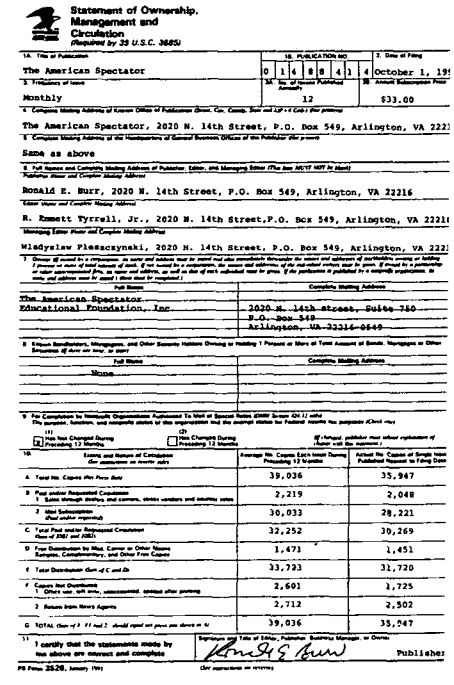
thought you were such an ardent supporter of committed lesbian relationships!

Frankly, though, someday we should sit down and have a good chat about what it's like to be a physician who happens to be a woman. Most medical schools tend to systematically discriminate, not as a matter of policy, but rather as a hangover from when the attending physicians were being educated. It is rather difficult to maintain one's self-esteem after being on call for eighty hours straight with only two or three hours sleep, and then publicly castigated for not wearing high heels with one's scrub suit. It is difficult to control one's temper when the junior medical student is "Dr. Jones," but the female senior resident is addressed by patients as "nurse," and by the attending physician as "honey" or "dear." It wouldn't be so bad for the anatomy professors to show *Playboy* pinups if only they also used the Chippendale's calendar, but they don't.

I can pretty much assure you that not all the women at Stanford Medical School are named Julie, and I am certain that they refrain from stomping their feet in pique or acting cute when they are angry. Unfortunately, if they have time to read the September issue, you are going to alienate many potential conservatives-in-the-making. Women physicians are a largely untapped resource for the right—who else spends as much time dealing with the results of the breakdown of civil society? Battered women, abused children, drug addicts, crime victims tend to inspire one with deep doubts about the impact of governmental programs and the infinite potential for human nature.

Heaven help you if you ever have an annoying, embarrassing minor illness, for which the world authority on treatment is Dr. Switzer of Stanford. I'm sure she will be competent, thorough, and correct in her treatment—but there are times that all of us women who happen to be physicians cannot help but smile a little.

The reason I bring up the prospect is that Stanford Medical School is one of the best in the world, and the students you now call callipygian are also among the future pool for Nobel Prizes. You would howl in outrage about a Harvard Law School professor who brandished vibrators and sex toys at her male students when discussing tort law and theories of assault. Inflatable sex dolls are equally inappropriate—and have the unfortunate side effect of making learning respiratory physiology unattractive. A lot of time was wasted inflating that doll (not an accurate model of how the lungs really work), which could have been spent on better things, like how surfactant works and how lungs which are inappropriately treated on the ventilator tend to malfunction. Someone's life may depend on it someday, but I doubt that Dr. Seavello will have learned as much as she would have if the lecturer had taught the subject in a more seemly manner. —*Susan Reynolds, M.D.*
St. Louis, Missouri



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CURRENT WISDOM

Washington Post

More shameless German-bashing:

Even the sexual instructions of the Soviet press are more in sync with the delayed sexual revolution here. "We are proud of our Soviet breasts and asses and sexual acts and exclaim joyfully, at the top of our lungs, that we have our own, home-grown erotica," said one recent article in *Megapolis-Express*.

"But as for what all this is—we don't know, for we never had any instruction in this sort of culture. So with the cry, 'Hurrah for *perestroika*!', we lump together Rubens, sex, erotica, the Marquis de Sade and German sheepdogs."

[September 4, 1991]

Esquire

Miss Patti Davis, that Vesuvius of hormones and brains, goes to the dogs:

My date stopped the car in front of my house, obviously not intending to get out himself. This was drop-off, curbside service. Our goodnight kiss was a timid, closed-mouth one, notable only because four hours earlier, we'd been making passionate love on my bed, and there was nothing timid about our kisses then.

We'd been seeing each other, on cautious terms, for a month. But as I opened the car door, I was mentally closing the door on this man, who was never sure whether we were involved or not.

"Goodnight," we both said, our voices overlapping.

I walked up the dark path to my house and opened the door.

"That's my last date with him," I told my dog, leaning down so she could lick my face. My dog's kisses are never timid.

[October 1991]

Mendocino Beacon

The astounding ornithological learning of Tony Miksak, owner of the Gallery Bookshop and Bookwinkle's, two cultural meccas not to be missed when next you hit downtown Mendocino—and forget not that Tony can also tell you the names of 243 types of rodents, 333 types of amphibians, and 7,000 types of insects!

Publishers have discovered that plastic "peanuts" are a quick and cheap way to fill in the gaps around books before shipping. . . . Some mornings I stand on the Kasten Street sidewalk listening to the surf and watching the odd peanut or two blow down the street toward the Mendocino Bay. I wonder if a Brown Pelican, California Gull, Brandt's Cormorant, Common Loon, Great Blue Heron, Coot, Surf Scoter, Black Turnstone, Killdeer, Oystercatcher, Grebe, Phalarope, Sandpiper Curlew, Godwit, Clapper Rail or Wandering Tattler may decide to try one of those crunchy plastic things for breakfast.

[September 19, 1991]

New York Times

Another futile essay into wit from the insufferable Anna Quindlen, the *Times*'s resident feminist scold:

It is difficult for me to imagine the same dedication to women's rights on the part of the kind of man who lives in partnership with someone he likes and respects and the kind of man who considers breast augmentation surgery self-improvement.

[October 19, 1991]

New Republic

Manly boasts from a New Age he-man, writing a policy piece for progressives entitled "My Vasectomy"—and just when we thought Miss Anita Hill had doomed the New Openness forever:

In the days following my operation, the minor discomforts ("In the next week," my doctor told me, "gravity will be your enemy and your jockstrap will be your friend") were well outweighed by the good feelings that came from finally doing my part. In its search for uniquely male experiences that are socially constructive, the new men's movement would do well to consider vasectomy. Getting one was a small but clear way of putting my body ever so slightly on the line so that my wife could take hers ever so slightly off. What I had originally dreaded turned out to be about the most personally and socially responsible thing I've done in a long time. A simple procedure, yes. And a simple virtue.

[October 14, 1991]

New York Times

In the correspondence section of America's greatest newspaper, another intellectual breakthrough:

"Bikes for 2: Romantic, Now Rugged" (Business Day, Sept. 7) reports that the bicycle built for two is coming back into style. Then you state:

"Tandems, as they are known by the cycling savvy, never really went away. But the last few years have seen a spurt of growth, thanks in large part to family-oriented fitness enthusiasts, graying baby boomers and some new technology borrowed from mountain bikes."

You could have mentioned that nowhere is male chauvinism more arrogant, or female subservience more pitiful, than on the tandem bike.

Common sense would dictate that the shorter person sit up front and the taller person in back, where he or she could look over the driver's shoulder. That is not what happens.

The male, who is almost always the taller, sits up front at the controls. In their expedition into the great outdoors the man's share is the great outdoors and the woman's share is 12 square inches of the noble male's back.

—Daniel Farber
Worcester, Massachusetts
[October 2, 1991]

Santa Barbara News-Press

Another rising American politician polishes his skill in the exacting art of public apology, in preparation for the long tenure he will undoubtedly someday have in the United States House of Representatives:

Santa Barbara City Councilman David J. Landecker was stopped and cited Sunday at a Santa Barbara home and garden store after he allegedly switched price tags on a garden tool handle, reducing the price by $8.20.

Landecker, 39, a two-year veteran of the council, was confronted by a security guard and a store clerk in the parking lot of the Home Improvement Center, 415 E. Gutierrez St., police reported. . . .

The councilman on Monday acknowledged the wrongdoing. He apologized to the community, and especially to his supporters, for disappointing them in what he termed a "momentary lapse."

"Frankly, I don't know what to say," Landecker said in a prepared five-paragraph statement released through his office. "I have no excuses or rationalizations for what I did. It was stupid, wrong and a violation of everything I stand for."

[September 24, 1991]

New Republic

After a clandestine mission into Judge Clarence Thomas's brain, the fearless Hendrik Hertzberg returns to tap out *belles lettres* of surpassing beauty and inventiveness:

One thinks, in this connection, of Tawana Brawley, and of Al Sharpton. Brawley began with a relatively small lie, designed to save her some grief at home: some white men abducted her, and that's why she was out all night. The lie grew, to distract attention from its own inconsistencies. Enter Sharpton, and the small lie became a big lie, until an entire community was riven by racial bitterness and demagogy. To question Brawley's tale was to become a party not only to her victimization but to the victimization of black women by white men since the beginning of time. Thomas's lie—that nothing remotely resembling what Anita Hill said happened, happened—started out smaller than Brawley's. But it grew much bigger, big enough to engulf a nation, and by the end Thomas was telling an audience of tens of millions that he was being lynched, assassinated, and destroyed; that "our institutions are being controlled by people who will stop at nothing"; that the Senate was "ruining the country"; and that he, Thomas, was the victim of a malevolent, racist conspiracy so immense that it encompassed much of the political universe. Today Tawana Brawley is a minor celebrity on her college campus, and Al Sharpton remains a prominent "activist" in New York. They haven't done badly. But Clarence Thomas has done better. He is a Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

[November 4, 1991]

Nation

A splendid example of the amazing quality of cerebration to be found almost anywhere on the pages of the distinguished *Nation*, save, perhaps, in its correspondence section, which is even more puerile:

But I firmly believe that, whether they are literate or not, the vast majority of children would not attempt to vote before they are ready. Interest follows hand in hand with readiness, something that is easy to see as a home schooler but that is perhaps not so clear to many people in this society where, ironically, children are continually taught things when they are not ready, and so are not interested. Yet when they are interested, as in the case of voting, they're told they are not yet ready. I think I would not have voted until I was 8 or 9, but perhaps if I had known I could vote I would have taken an interest sooner.

[October 14, 1991]

Vanderbilt Hustler

A prodigy of American higher education speaks out cogently and lucidly, displaying the quality of mind we have come to expect from enlightened Americans enrolled in one of the Republic's finest graduate schools for a decade or so:

A young man like Dinash [sic] D'Souza has ascribed [sic] to the conservative mania prevalent in this country that many educators are Orwellian totalitarians in disguise.

What frightens me is that this outlandish claim that a "P.C. movement" exists is being taken seriously. . . . As a graduate student and an educator, I do not want to abolish or eradicate anything. I certainly do not want to deny anyone of [sic] what I consider to be a sacred right in this country.

In fact, I have never so much as uttered that I am running as president-elect of the P.C. movement, nor has anyone else, because there is no such movement!

I know no faculty member at Vanderbilt that [sic] has passed out the latest propaganda announcing the next P.C. meeting on campus.

I do know that the entire notion of such a movement's existence is a false construction perpetuated to make those who have always possessed agency in this country to feel as if they are being censored. . . . Education is about asking questions, not giving or forcing answers. A teacher who does not ascribe [sic] to this philosophy probably either has a priority or a personal score to settle, rather than the interests of her or his students in mind. I personally prefer to prioritize the education of the student over one's own personal viewpoints.

—Sara D. Cohron
Graduate Student, A&S
[October 4, 1991]

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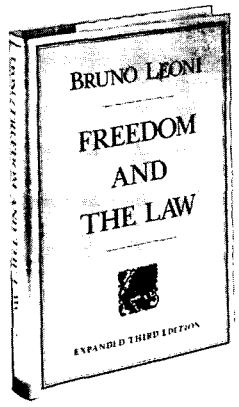

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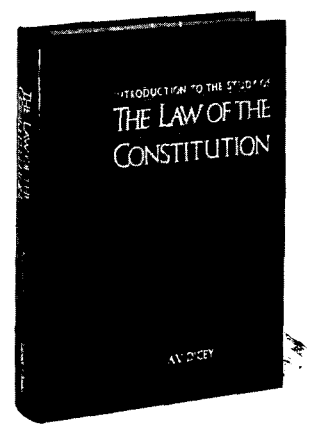

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